PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

APR 23 1942

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXIII. No. 578 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1942 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page		Page		Page
COMMENTS	185	THIS ENGLAND	191	REVIEWS:	
THE BELEAGUERED ALLIES	187	MOUSETRAP. By Y. Y.	191	The Road to Damascus. By Freda White	195
THE PALESTINIAN ISSUE. By Eleanor F. Rathbone	188	ATONALISM: SECOND THOUGHTS. By Edward Sackville West	192	Simenon. By Raymond Mortimer	196
FUTURE OF POLITICAL PARTIES IN BRITAIN. By Harold J. Laski	188	CORRESPONDENCE	193	Oceanic Empire. By A. L. Rowse	197
BRITAIN'S RUBBER PROBLEM. By G. L. and Dr. Harry Barron	189	From H. S. Shelton; Geoffrey Cox; W. R. Dunstan; David Low; and others.		The Duchess of Kent. By Roger Marvell	198
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	190	BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Nancy Mitford	195	Russia Without Illusions. By Maurice Edelman	198
				WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	199

COAL FOR VICTORY

THE Government may count on the ready and general consent of the country to the announcements which Mr. Dalton made on Tuesday, that coal, gas and electricity are to be rationed and the clothing ration cut. The only criticisms it will have to face are that in our present emergency the clothing allowance is still too liberal, and that the rationing of coal has been incomprehensibly delayed. The Government need have no fear that it will arouse resentment by demanding sacrifices. Nine citizens in ten understand as clearly as they did in the days of Dunkirk that we are fighting in the most literal sense for survival. If there has been any decay in the spirit of the nation, the chief cause is the bewilderment we all feel when we look around and realise how few of us are in fact engaged as active combatants in this desperate struggle, and how small are the sacrifices we are required to make. A Minister who apologises for putting burdens upon us provokes irritation and disappointment. The leadership to which the country will respond will take for granted our readiness not merely to face risks and sacrifices, but to transform, if need be, the faulty framework of our social and economic life.

The case of coal raises this latter issue with an urgent call for action. Here is an industry whose structure has been for more than a generation admittedly obsolete. The owners had fought, and are still fighting, a long rearguard action against reconstruction. The mood of the men had been, and still is, desperate and embittered. They agreed, when the war came, to suspend the class struggle, but it was clear throughout Tuesday's debate that it smoulders still and aggravates every technical difficulty. The task set to the mines would have taxed an efficient and harmonious industry to the utmost. The demand for coal has been increased by the additional consumption both of electric power in munition plants and of coking coal for steel, while the Army has been insatiable in calling up the men. The strain on the railways complicates the problem, but worse than this was the age factor among the men at the coal face. It was the young men who were called up and on the elderly and middle-aged that the physical burden fell of increasing output. Though there is much controversy over facts and figures, as in this unhappy industry there always is, the general picture is thoroughly unsatisfactory. We do not doubt that much might be done by a stronger Minister than Mr. Grenfell to improve organisation on the material side. But the root of the trouble is psychological. The owners who spoke in this debate drove home their case against the men on the score of absenteeism. Allowing what is fair for the fatigue of men who are no longer young, the figures do suggest that the resolve to raise output is not general. The men, on their side, have a devastating answer. It is a frequent, and may be in some coalfields a general, practice to work the worst seams during the war, in order to conserve the richer seams for the unchecked and unlimited exploitation to which owners look forward—when peace returns. This means not merely that the nation is robbed in the hour of its sore need: it also means that in these worse seams the miners are exposed to needless fatigue and danger. That in part this charge is true the consumer knows to his cost. It may be that the men are exaggerating the prevalence of this disgraceful practice. That it can occur fairly often is enough to account for their mood. They will not hew coal, as they would dig trenches, in an exalted mood of patriotism, so long as the owners exploit the pits for private gain.

The suggestion that this ugly situation can be met by further measures of "control" on the customary lines is wholly inadequate. Take a managing director who has behaved in this anti-social way, convert him into a civil servant "for the duration," and you have changed nothing either in his motives or in the psychology of the pit. He will still plan for post-war profits, still remember his "duty to his shareholders," and still arouse at every turn the antagonism and suspicions of his men. Two things are necessary: the first is to banish the profit motive from the pit; the second is to associate the men with its management. The only way to achieve these ends is to bring the industry under national ownership. We shall make little progress with our present industrial problem until we recognise that there is no place for the "economic man" of the classical economists in total war. By the rules of their science, both owners and men are in this case behaving normally. A perfectly commercial society, which recognised none but economic motives, could wage war only with mercenaries, as ancient Carthage did. It would buy victory for the sake of future gains. We are trying to make the best of two worlds which cannot be reconciled or fused. We call daily for the unlimited sacrifice of comfort, property and life. We repudiate any thought of economic gains in the settlement, and stress only the ideal ends for which we struggle. We jealously preserve, none the less, in our whole industrial effort the motives and the management that belong to a society governed by the profit motive. The result is psychological conflict and a division in our own ranks that may lose us the war. Here, rather than in any lack of military talent, lies our inferiority to the Totalitarian regimes. If in this single instance of coal we dared act with bold logic and put this industry on a service basis, the effect of this token change, in our homeland and far beyond it, might well be to transform our prospects, for it would herald a new phase of single-minded devotion. Great Britain is still in 1942, as it was in 1842, divided into two nations—and it is still economics which divides it. A divided island will not win this war.

India on the Eve

The Indian parties, without waiting for the arrival of Sir Stafford Cripps, are making ready to discuss his proposals. The section of Congress which is disposed to co-operate on terms in resistance to Japan has won a complete victory. A minority led by Mr. Vallabhai Patel stood for Mr. Gandhi's full doctrine of non-violence. It has been over-ruled. The three men chosen to deal with Sir Stafford are all eager to resist Japan with arms—Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Mr. Rajagopalachari and Maulana Abul Azad. The Princes have also met and passed a patriotic resolution. But it also stressed their determination to maintain their rights, privileges and sovereignty. That is one of the most awkward aspects of the problem. Can India enjoy equality as a Dominion while a third of its population, without civil or political rights, submits to autocratic rule? The Moslems are by contrast reserved and silent. The chief question that has to be answered is whether Mr. Jinnah really represents their wishes when he demands the creation of a separate Moslem State under the name of Pakistan. To settle this matter once for all, could not a vote be taken in the Legislatures of the Provinces which he proposes to separate—the Punjab, Scinde, N.W. Frontier and Bengal? It is doubtful whether even one of them would back his scheme.

The Strategy of Dispersal

The best news of the week is that General Macarthur of Bataan has arrived in Australia to take command of all operations in the Pacific area. American reinforcements are said to have landed in large numbers. The movements of the Japanese in New Guinea suggest that their plan may be, not an invasion of the more settled Eastern and Southern regions, but the seizure of the few populated centres on the North and West coasts, whose inhabitants they would try to drive into the inland deserts. The little news available from Burma is relatively good, for our forces retreating from Rangoon have cut their way through enemy barriers well placed to intercept them and effected a junction with the Chinese. It is now known that the Renault Works were so thoroughly ruined by our attack from the air that no attempt will be made to rebuild them. That means the loss to the enemy every month of 150 tanks and 600 lorries.

News of the loss of the trapped British, Dutch and American ships off Java came as a blow: to be followed on Wednesday by the victory of the Americans off New Guinea. On balance, the two battles leave our position strengthened.

These naval losses in Java raise the whole issue of our strategy in the Far East. Mr. Attlee has refused any debate on the loss of Malaya until a "full report" is received from General Bennett. He meanwhile has stated that he was not asked for a full report, but has answered some questions briefly. Singapore fell in seven days so far as we can ascertain, partly because water, food and ammunition were running short and partly because, under poor leadership, morale was not improving. But the real issue in the Far East turns rather on the general strategy of dispersal. We scattered our weak forces in Hongkong, Singapore, Java and Burma and we have lost them all. Had the troops in Malaya fought their way into Burma we might have held it. Four bases are vital to our communications and our future chances of counter-attack—Burma, Ceylon, Madagascar and Australia. The first is gone: the second and third are threatened: the fourth must rely on America for its defence. Who was responsible for this strategy of dispersal?

Waste Paper Recovery Association Ltd.
S. T. Garland Gen. Manager. 154 Fleet St., E.C.4. *CEN. 1345*
will answer all questions about
PAPER SALVAGE

Home Notes *(by Our Industrial Correspondent)*

Mr. Lyttelton, without the title of Minister of Production, is apparently to get real power over everything except shipbuilding, which the Admiralty is allowed to keep under its own hands. This is presumably because the Admiralty insists on keeping naval work under its control, and it is impracticable to divorce naval from merchant shipbuilding and repair work. But I fail to see how, in practice, Mr. Lyttelton's control can stop short of the shipyards; for he must be able to say, subject only to the new Cabinet's final decision, what quantities of steel and other materials are to be released for use in building and refitting vessels, as against the claims of other departments. Presumably, in these matters, the Admiralty cannot be given a blank cheque: the meaning must be that, whereas Mr. Lyttelton will be able to give orders to the Ministers of Supply and Aircraft Production (and also in some matters to the Minister of Works and Buildings and the President of the Board of Trade), he will have to argue with Mr. Alexander, and take the question to the Cabinet if the two of them cannot agree. I expect he will have to argue with Mr. Bevin also, in practice, whatever his final powers over the distribution of labour may be; for I cannot imagine that the Minister of Labour, being in the War Cabinet, will agree to be merely ordered about. The labour side of the new arrangement seems likely to prove the weakest; but it may work out all right if Mr. Bevin and Mr. Lyttelton get on well together, and if, further, the Fighting Services can be induced at long last to make economical use of the man-power they have already enrolled.

* * *

That they are moving towards a better use of man-power, the decision to set up a mechanical corps for Army repair and maintenance work appears to show. So much good the Beveridge Report has accomplished already, with the aid of the new War Minister. But it would be rash to conclude that the Army is already hard at work cleaning up its own man-power muddles, or that the Air Force is as blameless of misuse of man-power as is often suggested. The mere establishment of a mechanical corps is not enough: it could be, in effect, little more than a re-shuffle of the R.A.S.C., the R.A.O.C., the R.E., and a few other special groups. I hope and believe that it is going to be much more than that; but I fully expect that Sir James Grigg will have to wage a series of pitched battles not only with the leading brass-hats, but also with officers, high and low, in almost every camp and station, before he can get the Army's man-power skilfully used.

* * *

The railwaymen having secured an advance which will bring them all above the £3 minimum (though not up to the £3 basic wage, apart from war advances, for which they asked), we are now a long way on towards treating £3 a week as a recognised minimum wage for an able-bodied man. Quite a number of Trade Board rates for males have now got up to, or beyond, this point; but there are still a good many that lag behind, for no obvious reason except that the trades in question have been by tradition badly paid, or that the male rates have been considerably influenced by the presence of a large majority of women workers. There is a good deal to be said in favour of the view that it would be wise, in view of what has been done in agriculture, to level up all wages for adult males to £3 as a minimum, and to fix a corresponding figure for women's wages, and thereafter to adopt some general principle in dealing with further applications. It is plainly necessary, except for those at the very bottom of the income ladder, to curtail rather than to increase consuming power; and even if the Trade Unions and the T.U.C. have hitherto stood out against the adoption of any general wage policy, it is possible that they would be more amenable now, especially in face of a proposal to concede a general minimum wage as a *quid pro quo*. I am not suggesting that the fixing of wage-*rates* would solve the entire wage-problem. But unless some general principle is adopted, I can see a risk of upward wage-movements which will inevitably be neutralised by reduction of available supplies; and I can foresee such a situation giving rise to much more serious discontents than would be caused by a firm handling of the wage-problem.

* * *

The retailers are complaining loudly that the utility clothing scheme does not allow them enough margin barely to cover their costs. Whether this wail is justified, I am not in a position to know. But even if it is, the answer may be, not that the margins ought to be raised, but that the costs ought to be cut. The retailers will undoubtedly have a less and less easy time as they run out of stocks of higher-priced goods and find that they cannot replace them; for hitherto narrow margins on some items of trade have been made up for by large margins elsewhere. A further very important favourable factor has been the greatly decreased cost of holding stocks of the regular lines since small supplies and rapid turnover became the rule. But now it may be that some of the retailers, even among the large firms, are finding their sources of economy exhausted. It is, of course, notorious that small retailers are being squeezed out without compensation in very large numbers, and that the big retailers have regarded this process without much displeasure. Nor has the Trade Union attitude been very different; for the Unions have never been able to organise the staffs scattered in the small shops, and conditions in these have always tended to drag down conditions in the more readily organisable sections of the distributive trades. But now, from the standpoint of the community, the time has come to apply the squeeze to the big traders; for the total man-power locked up in distribution must be drastically reduced. The right way of doing this is not by applying the same process of attrition as has been unfairly used upon the small traders, but by the firm closing down of big stores which are becoming redundant in view of the fall in total supplies. The small trader's case cannot be met by pooling; for if he is once closed down, he stands in most instances a pretty poor chance of being able to open again. It is difficult to compensate the small traders without raising parallel claims from other classes which lose their livelihood owing to the war. But in face of the further drastic cuts which must now be made, it seems as if these difficulties will have to be faced and overcome.

ADVERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but readers are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d., Canada, 1d.

THE BELEAGUERED ALLIES

FROM the standpoint both of supplies and of man-power we are now nearing what we may reasonably expect to be the most difficult period of the war. It must take time to mobilise thoroughly American industry and American man-power for war production; and American shipyard output, well ahead of schedule though it be, cannot for some time yet reach a level at which it can simultaneously meet the new demands of war in the Far East and make a substantial contribution to relieving the problems of transport across the Atlantic. German warfare upon our shipping and Japanese aggression in Eastern waters are alike running a race against time; and the next few months are supremely critical, not only in the sense that what happens in the immediate future may prolong or shorten the struggle by years, but also in the sense that it may make the very difference between victory and defeat.

This is the background against which we have immediately to consider what can be done both to make better use of our resources of man-power and to reduce our consumption of non-essentials to an absolute minimum. These two problems are, of course, to a large extent the same; but they are not wholly the same. The man-power problem has the two aspects of increasing the number of workers engaged on essential war tasks, and of making better and fuller use of each individual who is so engaged; and the problem of consumption is at once a problem of curtailing all non-essential use of scarce supplies of labour, plant and materials, and a problem of drawing the line sensibly between what are and what are not essential supplies.

On the side of man-power, it is beyond doubt that there is still great waste. This waste is due to many causes, each of which needs to be tackled separately. There is, first, the waste due to unbalanced supplies of labour—too few coal-hewers in relation to the number of surface and other workers; too few heavy labourers in building and certain other industries in relation to the number of skilled craftsmen; too few workers able to set machines in relation to the numbers able to operate them; and so on. Secondly, there is the waste due to inadequate attention to the training and continuous employment of workers introduced into the war factories as "dilutees." There is ample evidence that, while the Ministry of Labour cannot get enough trainees to fill nearly all the available places in Government Training Centres, many employers who are taking on women workers are neither taking any trouble to train them, even in elementary machine-sense, nor behaving as if they realised even now that female, as much as male, labour is a scarce commodity from which it is indispensable to extract the last ounce of output consistent with decent and healthy working conditions. There is undoubtedly still much under-employment among the women who have gone, voluntarily or compulsorily, into the war industries, and also much wasteful employment—so much that there is a strong case for following up Sir William Beveridge's researches into the use of skilled man-power in the armed forces by researches into the use of *unskilled* man-power and woman-power in the war industries.

But, when all that is possible has been done—or rather, if everything possible were done—to make full use of the labour already in the war industries, the need would remain both to release many more workers for transference to these industries and to extrude many more from other occupations in order to save materials and reduce the strain on shipping space. Drastic as the existing limitations on the supplies of many consumers' goods may appear at first sight, they are not nearly drastic enough in view of the life-and-death phase of the struggle upon which we have now entered. The abolition of the basic petrol ration and the change-over to wholemeal bread are all to the good (but why the further quarter's grace in respect of the former?); but we shall have to go much farther than that in order to deal with an emergency as grave as that which faces us to-day. The public is ready to stand all that the Government is at all likely to give it, and still be ready for more in the way of restrictions on dispensable supplies, provided only that it gets the feeling that the restrictions are broadly fair between class and class and that they are being imposed for the reasons given for them, and not for quite different and undisclosed reasons.

Thus, while it may be argued that extravagant restaurant and club meals use up only small quantities of supplies, that is no reason at all for not cutting them down drastically; for as long as it is known that a limited class of "long-purses" can feed like fighting cocks (incidentally, perhaps, charging their bills to E.P.T.) the rest of the public will by no means be convinced of the real necessity for pulling in its belt. As long as unrationed foods are available to the rich, at however extravagant prices, it will be impossible to persuade the main body of consumers not to waste bread. But, as against this, it is necessary to curb the public zeal of non-smokers and teetotallers for depriving their fellow-citizens of what they regard as noxious drugs, and to preserve a sense of proportion in considering by how much supplies of cigarettes, beer and spirits are to be cut down. Some reduction in the amount of labour and of shipping space devoted to keeping up supplies of these types is, we doubt not, indispensable; but the zealots who wish to go suddenly dry and smokeless are not helping, but hindering, the war effort.

Drastic curtailment is unavoidable; but it is mischievous nonsense to suggest that, for the rest of the war period, we ought to cut out all our amusements and recreations. All work and no play makes Jack, not merely a dull boy, but a defeatist and a laggard at work into the bargain. What we ought to do is to consider carefully which forms of recreation and amusement use up least labour and important materials in relation to the number of people to whom they afford refreshment and relief; and then we ought to go all out to increase the consumption of those which most successfully pass this test. If we did this, we might find ourselves using some of our idle Civil Defence workers to lay out playing fields nearby populous areas, in order to reduce the strain of transport, instead of growling at people for wishing to fiddle at all while Rome is burning.

All this is a matter, not merely of public policy, for the Government to consider, but of private policy as well. The thing is so urgent that the solution cannot be left exclusively to the slowly grinding mills of official compulsion. Each one of us has to think out, in relation to his own personal and household habits, how much unnecessary labour and materials he is using up—and we ought not merely to think this out, but to act on our conclusions, without waiting for the Government to compel us to act. If it is going to take another three and a-half months to abolish pleasure motoring, how long will it take to get done by compulsion all the things that need doing here and now?

For the restrictions which it is the Government's task to impose, the responsibility will have to be shared among many ministers—Lord Woolton, Dr. Dalton, Lord Leathers, and others, as well as Mr. Lyttelton. As far as the last-named of these is concerned, it is reassuring to be told—albeit without details—that his powers are to be wider than those which were to have been held by Lord Beaverbrook, and that we are to have, though not a Ministry, a real Minister of Production. How much this does mean we shall discover only when the new broom begins to sweep, as we hope it will soon. There is some evidence that, in one sense, it has begun to sweep already, in the amount of dust that is being kicked up even now in the neighbourhood of Whitehall. Through this dust nothing can yet be seen clearly; but there does appear to be a real intention of enlarging the power of Regional Boards to deal with local production problems, and to be some chance that there will be at last someone with effective power to determine priorities and allocate machinery and materials between alternative war supplies. Uncertainty still remains about the extent of the new Minister's power to deal with the allocation of labour; but it is at least hinted that his authority will not stop short of this point.

This last question is indeed vital; for the man-power problem is, next to that of speedily curtailing consumption, the most urgent of all. We feel convinced that it will be indispensable in the immediate future to increase and improve enormously the provision for looking after children while their mothers are away at work, to extend greatly the arrangements for communal feeding, so as to cover workers in the smaller factories, and to devise methods of using in production the part-time services of persons who are definitely not in a position to take on full-time work. The main programme of factory-building is now at an end: resources cannot be spared for much more building of new factories, nor is there left much empty accommodation that can be taken over. Some more space can be released by further concentration in the non-essential trades. But in the main our problem now is to increase by further shift-working the factory capacity that is already available; and this requires new methods—new at any rate to the great majority of employers and managements.

Hitherto we have been apt to boast, officially as well as unofficially, how much better off we are, man for man, than the German. Our propaganda has shouted that we are much better fed, better clothed, able to live more normal lives in every respect. In some matters, long may we continue to boast of our greater well-being—for example, in our retention of freedom of speech, and of the right to use our leisure as we please, subject to the claim of the nation that we must not so use it as to consume an undue amount of shipping or labour or other goods and services needed for war purposes. But, apart from such things as these, the sooner we cease boasting the better, lest the result of our "freedom" be that we lose the war. For it cannot be denied that, to the extent to which we are better off, we are so increasingly at the expense of war supplies. The time has gone by when we could count our assets in nearly all the essential war requisites, and exult in our superiority in them over our enemies. In quite a number of these requisites the balance has already been tipped against us; and in others, though our theoretical superiority remains, our transport difficulties are the greater. We are, in effect, until American production gets thoroughly into its stride, very much up against it, and much more the blockaded than the blockading party; and the sooner we realise this, and cease from foolish bragging, the better our chances of victory will be. In the "long run," no doubt, our prospects of superiority in supplies and equipment are excellent, but it is necessary, by what we accomplish during the next few months, to ensure that there shall be a "long run."

THE PALESTINIAN ISSUE

DR. WEIZMANN'S speech of March 8, on the Palestinian issue, sounded a note of bitterness most unusual in a man of his statesmanship and moderation. Perhaps his personal tragedy affected him. His son has recently been killed fighting in the R.A.F. His speech, and also the Lords Debate on March 10 on a motion by Lord Davies, received little attention in the general press. Yet the issue is one which concerns not only Zionists, but Jews everywhere and all British people, for it affects British honour, statesmanship, and war strategy.

Lord Cranborne deprecated the raising of the Palestinian issue because "this is one of the most critical moments in the war." But when for months ahead is the war situation likely to be other than most critical? No one suspects Lord Cranborne of anti-Jewish bias. But his office has an ugly tradition in this matter. He will need much backing to withstand it, and it is before—not after—a new Minister has decided his line, that public opinion can most effectively be used to strengthen him.

This is the justification for raising the issue now. The *Struma* tragedy has helped to push it to the front. For the second time some hundreds of wretched fugitives from Central Europe, after intolerable hardships of an overcrowded ship, were drowned or burned to death in the exploded ship after being refused landing in Palestine. For months the Palestinian Jews had vainly pleaded that the 760 men, women and children on the *Struma* should be reckoned as part of their current half-yearly quota of immigrants; that, lest there should be a few pro-Nazis among them, they could, like the survivors from the *Patria*, be all interned pending investigation; that funds from America were available. The Palestinian Government stuck stubbornly to their refusal to admit "illegal immigrants," except the older children whom it proved impossible to land.

The same wooden-headed, unimaginative attitude seems responsible for the other immediate Jewish grievance concerning their offers of military service. There has been a long succession of snubs—of small reluctant concessions, of larger concessions half promised and then withdrawn for palpably unreal reasons. First, no Jewish recruits except in equal numbers with the Arabs. Then, parity unnecessary, but no service in combatant units. Then combatant units permitted, but to be called Palestinian, not Jewish. As to Dr. Weizmann's offer to form a Jewish Fighting Force for service anywhere, in September 1940 it was explicitly approved by H.M.'s Government. Later there were repeated postponements, and finally last October a definite rejection, professedly on grounds of difficulties of supply and shipping. Throughout, an apparent determination to suppress recognition of the separate identity of the Jewish people and of everything redounding to Jewish credit.

Where in all this is evidence of the impartiality and lack of bias which Lord Cranborne claimed for the Colonial Office and the Palestinian Government? Rather does bias sprout out everywhere, and it is easy to see what fertilises the crop. Chiefly it is the conviction that we have the Jews on our side anyway. However badly we treat them, Hitler would do worse. As Dr. Weizmann said on March 8:

> We shall go in in Palestine and elsewhere, giving all we can in men, in effort . . . towards the war effort and helping in that measure in which our small numbers can contribute to a final victory.

But the Arabs are more uncertain allies. Therefore let us concilitate them by flouting the Jews. Mr. Churchill himself exposed the danger of that attitude in his speech during the Palestinian debate of May, 1939:

> What will these Arab agitators think? Will they not be tempted to say, 'They are on the run again?' This is another Munich!

It is necessary to take into account also the reactions of our treatment of the Jews on their war effort and on their capacity for resistance, if Palestine is attacked. As Prof. Brodetzsky said on March 8:

> If Japan and Germany linked through the Middle East, the greatest disaster of the war would have taken place. The half-million Jews in Palestine could be a great fortress of democracy in that part of the world. Is it wise or expedient, therefore, to carry on a policy which exasperates, humiliates, and repels them?

The Jews will fight anyhow for their national home if attacked. But can they do so effectively if their recruitment, training, and equipment are continually hampered by restrictive regulations?

Speaking in May, 1939, on that part of the White Paper which promised stoppage of Jewish immigration, unless with the acquiescence of the Arabs, after five years, Mr. Churchill said:

> Now, there is the breach; there is the violation of the pledge; there is the abandonment of the Balfour Declaration; there is the end of the vision, of the hope, of the dream.

This may be an impossible time to revise that miserable policy. But why permit applications of it which go far beyond it and have led to such tragedies as those of the s.s. *Patria* and the s.s. *Struma* and to such limitations of the Jewish war effort as have taken place during Mr. Churchill's tenure of office. Is that consistent with his honour, or with our own?

ELEANOR F. RATHBONE

FUTURE OF POLITICAL PARTIES IN BRITAIN

"PARTY government," wrote Bagehot nearly three-quarters of a century ago, "is the vital principle of representative government." Our political literature, for over a hundred years, has reiterated this theme; and men have been quick to see that, without political parties, that right of opposition, which is of the essence of democracy, is bound to be in very grave danger.

Yet it may be doubted whether political parties in Britain have been held in lower esteem since the reign of George III. The Prime Minister is urged to ignore party considerations in making appointments; and each time he does so there is an obvious sense of national relief. Party meetings arouse little interest outside some half-dozen vital figures like the Prime Minister. Where elections are contested it is difficult to persuade even half the voters to go to the poll. Ministers in the National Government are anxious to create no impression so much as the belief that they have no intention of putting forward as relevant those party principles to which they have given the service of half a lifetime. The man in the street finds nothing so dull as an attempt to create interest in the future character of our party system. The B.B.C. eschews debate of great issues in terms of its historic rivalries as though it were original sin. Mrs. Sidney Webb elaborately argues, in the preface to the new edition of *Soviet Communism*, that a true democracy does not need more than a single political party; so that, less than three years after the war has begun, the most eminent of living British sociologists throws overboard the central postulate on which our political system is based. Nor is it, I think, accidental that, at the present time, Sir Stafford Cripps clearly feels much stronger in his aloofness from parties than if he had the massed strength of Labour behind him.

It is important, also, to note that the cleavages within each party go deeper than the affiliations between members of the War Cabinet. The distance which separates Mr. Shinwell from Mr. Attlee is greater than that which divides Mr. Attlee from Mr. Churchill; and Mr. Churchill, in his turn, has far more ideas in common with his Labour colleagues than he has with Tory back-benchers like Sir Archibald Southby or Sir Herbert Williams. Does this mean that the inner consistency of parties is breaking down? That we are, as between the 'forties and the 'sixties of last century, on the eve of new ideological divisions, more effectively corresponding to the divisions of outlook in the country? Is the phenomenon a temporary one only, which will disappear when victory again makes us remember our differences instead of our identities? Or is it possible, as developments in Europe since the last war seem to suggest, that the party system, in its classic form, is the expression of liberal democracy, and that it has no place in that planned society into which, whatever be its constitutive principle, it is clear that we are moving?

These are grave questions, and I do not propose to do more than annotate them here. If we admit that the planned society is inevitable, it is obvious that decisions must be taken about the objectives of planning. It is further obvious that there is room for wide differences of view about those objectives. If, for example, the predominant legal relations of our society are to rest upon the habits of monopoly capitalism, the strength of which has, so far, been advanced and not retarded by the war, then the shape of the future will be set by the conflict between the controllers of that monopoly, which means restriction, mass unemployment, a low standard of living for the many, a dole-conscious voter given just enough economic welfare not to rebel, and just enough education not to understand the complicated forces which shape his destiny, and a party which will seek to make it understood that modern technology, on the basis of common ownership, has solved the problem of scarcity and has access to a higher level of civilised well-being than the masses have ever known.

Clearly enough, it is difficult to wage this conflict peacefully; that is the central lesson of European history in the inter-war years. Unless the nation shortly makes up its mind about the economic foundations upon which its political institutions are to rest it will lack that capacity for continuity in production which is now central to civilised living. In that event, the main feature of social relations will be insecurity; and where this obtains party government is impossible because men are not prepared to reason with one another where they lack assurance about the to-morrow.

Party government means that the minority is not so antagonistic to the proposals of its opponent that it prefers to fight about them rather than await the verdict of the polls. But to have the preference for an electoral verdict the nation must be agreed about its fundamental way of life, must be able, that is, to hold the great ends of life in common. What is disturbing in the present picture is that though the nation is, in the presence of great danger, agreed upon what it is against, it is very far from agreement upon what it is for; and the things about which it is now driven to seek agreement are the things about which, in the past, men have been most willing to turn to the sword. The formal platform on which the Mr. Churchill stands cannot, war apart, be reconciled with the formal platform

adopted, for example, in its recent Interim Report on Reconstruction by the National Executive of the Labour Party. Awareness of this is implicit in the fact that though Mr. Attlee puts a profession of his socialist faith into his perorations, he does not move for their translation into action. He accepts, that is, Mr. Churchill's assumption that pre-war Britain can, for all vital purposes, win this war, and that we may turn to the discussion of its future economic shape after victory. But the premises of this policy are first, that a Britain dominated by monopoly-capitalism will find an alternative to war as a means of maintaining full employment, and, second, that this discovery will be made by the procedures of constitutional democracy. Mr. Attlee imagines, in fact, that the war is, as it were, a vacuum between the pre-war party conflict and that of the post-war period. When the bulk of the fighting is over there will be a general election on the old model in which the people will decide by what group of political leaders they are to be governed.

This view, I am suggesting, is devoid of validity unless, before the cessation of hostilities, there has been achieved an agreed framework of assumptions which permits the normal operation of the party system. That it was breaking down even before the war can hardly, I think, be denied. The general strike of 1926; the financial crisis of 1931; Mr. Churchill's relations to the Conservative Party in the years of appeasement, Sir Stafford Cripps' expulsion from the Labour Party; the near-Fascism of the extreme Tories and the near-Communism of the Left-Wing Socialists; the unwillingness of British statesmen to give a clear lead in international affairs before the war; their prudent sense that the less precise their war-aims now the greater their ability to maintain the unity of the nation; the very absence, in the masses, of that "sense of urgency" of which we have lately heard so much, all this, surely, means that, once the dramatic threat of war is withdrawn, the absence of agreed assumptions about political foundations means the absence of the conditions in which the party-system can work. Peaceful disagreement in politics is always the outcome of the fact that the great ends are not called into question.

From all this, I think, two inferences are to be drawn. The first is that, when the first enthusiasm of victory has abated, our democracy will be in greater danger than at any time since the Chartist movement, unless there is an immense economic leeway at our disposal. There is no reason to suppose it will be; and that means that the right to opposition, in its classic form of party warfare, will, at the best, have grave difficulty in maintaining itself; for the objects on which it will be concentrated will be those about which men easily move to battle. The second is that to secure agreement upon fundamentals is a necessary part of the war effort if we accept the view that representative democracy depends upon the proper working of the party system. Certainly it appears clear that, in its absence, the people is unable, at reasonably frequent intervals, to decide by whom it is to be ruled and for what; a monoparty system becomes very rapidly a fixed rule of persons changeable either by defeat in war or more or less violent *coups d'état*. It was perception of this truth which made Lincoln warn his fellow-citizens that the surrender of the political power to choose their rulers is always fatal to democracy and freedom.

I should, therefore, argue that unless we build now at least the central outlines of the pattern we are to use in the politics of the post-war period, the breakdown of the party-system is a grave possibility. With it there will disappear certain consequences entailed in its existence, above all, freedom of speech and freedom of association. Parties live only so long as they convince their adherents that their principles are a reasonable working rule of life. At present, the parties in this government are, above all, asking their members to forget that they ever had principles. A nation cannot go on living on negations. It requires a positive faith by which to live. The liberal democracy of the nineteenth century provided us with that faith until 1914; since then, we have seen the rapid eclipse of all the assumptions upon which it was founded. We require a new faith; and that means, not the mere incantation of noble words, but accepted principles of action which men are operating in their lives. We have a chance to get them now, when men are ready for great experiments. We shall not find them available when the mood of experiment has passed. And if we do not find them we shall lose the habit which makes men prefer the debating chamber to the concentration camp. That is why Mr. Churchill and his colleagues cannot too swiftly make up their minds about the objectives of the planned society. For only when we have come to agreement about them are democratic procedures possible. After all, it is for the maintenance of democratic procedures that we are fighting this war.

HAROLD J. LASKI

BRITAIN'S RUBBER PROBLEM

WITH the fall of Java almost the entire rubber-growing area in the Far East is in Japanese hands. British hegemony over rubber is finished probably for a considerable time.

The plantations may not be greatly damaged physically. They will be irretrievably damaged by neglect, since the Japs will not have the large number of technical experts to supervise and run them. The factories and heavy equipment may be "scorched." There is no logical reason why the Japs should be interested in preserving the plantations. They cannot use the rubber nor can they sell it.

One thing is certain, the Western Democracies will get no rubber. Moreover, there is not likely to be any considerable supply of rubber during the next decade. The ruined heavy equipment of a rubber plantation factory will take years to replace—and then only when the war is over. Furthermore, newly planted rubber trees require about eight years to mature.

During the last year these lost areas produced nearly 1,200,000 tons. Rubber-growing areas outside the Far East, e.g., Ceylon, India, Africa, and Latin America, grow less than 150,000 tons annually, under the fullest pressure. Most of this comes from Ceylon, the position of which is none too happy. They cannot be developed rapidly. Nature will not be hurried by the exigencies of a war situation.

It is idle to indulge in optimism about Brazil. It is the home of rubber, still producing the best rubber in the world. But it is all wild, taken from the trees in the Amazon forests. Henry Ford has spent 15 years and many millions of dollars trying to grow rubber there, and failed. Brazil provides a mere 20,000 tons of wild rubber annually.

All the rubber produced in Africa and Latin America would not keep the United States industry going for three weeks.

The situation is grave. United States consumption rated at 750,000 tons per year, before entering the war. They have nearly a year's supply in hand. Our consumption reached 100,000 tons per year before the war. With a war effort it must be much greater. Our stocks may suffice for a year or possibly more. How are the obvious deficiencies to be made good?

The only way is the use of "reclaimed rubber," and synthetic rubber, and the practice of rigid economy. In both forms of production we are hopelessly unprepared. The reclaimed rubber position has already been exposed in the House of Commons somewhat ineptly by John Parker. Whereas the Americans, who know more about rubber than we do, have used reclaimed rubber, even up to 50 per cent. of their total consumption in 1928, we have used a mere 7 per cent.

In the United States, reclaiming rubber is a major industry, highly organised, with a capacity of 300,000 tons yearly. Owing to necessity for heavy machinery it cannot be greatly expanded without adversely influencing the war effort in other directions. It must be realised that United States has already been using 250,000 tons per annum, and consequently its presence does not make good any of the losses of raw rubber.

Expansion of the British reclaiming industry requires large quantities of heavy plant and highly skilled personnel. No provision has been made to satisfy either of these requirements. Before the war the Germans built up a large reclaiming industry. Their stock piles of scrap rubber were fed by interminable shiploads which could be seen passing along the Thames almost up to the day war was declared.

Synthetic rubber presents a dismal picture. Russia has an enormous industry, probably the largest in the world. Germany has a finely organised self-sufficient industry which has been widely publicised, as much in this country as anywhere.

The Americans have been making synthetic rubber commercially longer than anyone else, but on a comparatively small scale. About twelve months ago, when Roosevelt saw the present dangerous situation looming up, plans were put into action for the greatest possible expansion. This could only yield 80,000 tons a year in 1943.

The United States Bureau of Commerce stated that, in 1939, U.S.S.R. production was 50,000 tons, German production was 20,000 tons, and U.S.A. production was 3,000 tons. German production is now estimated at 100,000 tons. Presumably Russia has not stood still in the interim. Last year the U.S. produced 12,000 tons.

The £100,000,000 scheme recently announced by Mr. Jesse Jones is not one which can be carried out with great rapidity. Lack of machinery and highly skilled technicians are insuperable difficulties. The 400,000 tons of synthetic rubber envisaged may possibly mature in about five years' time. At that it is only half of the requirements. Where will they conjure up the 50,000 tons a year promised us by Lord Beaverbrook?

A British synthetic rubber industry simply does not exist. Rubber growers disapproved. Not so manufacturers and consumers. Indeed, the large chemical concerns, who should have been running small-scale plants, were making a good thing as agents for foreign manufacturers. We have purchased large quantities of German and American synthetic rubbers. This, in spite of the fact that they were never less than five times the price of raw rubber. This is perhaps the best tribute to their properties. It would be enlightening to hear what the Service Ministries think about synthetic rubber, yet we make none. It has always been "non-commercial," "dear," "hazardous," "unsatisfactory," "absurd," and "against raw rubber interests."

Our greatest stumbling block is the absence of facilities for preparing the raw material. The only suitable starting point for us is carbide—

made easily from coal and lime, almost the only raw materials with which we are plentifully supplied. This is employed by the Germans and the Russians. Most of the U.S.A. production will be based on "natural gas" and other waste petroleum products.

The Americans will be so desperately in need of what they make that they will not be able to supply us. It is the strangest thought that possibly Russia may be able to oblige. The reason for the shipments of rubber lately sent to the U.S.S.R. is simple. Rubber is easier to process than synthetic products. For most purposes it is easily the best material.

The situation is grim, worse even than at first appears evident. The imminent rubber shortage will not cease with the end of the war. It will carry over for a number of years. Apart from the present war effort, the gravity of the situation is apparent when we consider the enormous quantities of rubber that will be required during the period of reconstruction not only in this country, but also in Europe, which has been virtually denuded of every scrap of rubber by the Nazis. For it is axiomatic that industrial expansion is accompanied by increased use of rubber. Its absence will have a profound delaying action on recovery.

The problem presented is well-nigh insoluble. The least we can do is to plan on the boldest possible scale on a long-term programme. The obvious measures are:

(1) Imposition of the most rigid economy on the use of rubber.

(2) A national campaign for the collection of waste scrap rubber.

(3) Building up the capacity of the reclaim industry to 50,000 tons per annum on regional lines.

(4) Inaugurating a synthetic rubber industry capable of making 50,000 tons per year.

This is an enormous programme. But if this war is to be followed by a real effort of reconstruction it must not be thwarted through lack of one of the most essential commodities.

G. L. AND HARRY BARRON

A LONDON DIARY

A FRIEND who is working hard in the Home Guard writes to me about the article by "317" which was published in this journal a fortnight ago. All the grouses in it are, he says, quite true. Compulsion, however, is necessary. In every area there are many people who work quite efficiently if they are made to, but who just will not move till they must. In some places the ranks of the Home Guard are not full, with the result that places that should be protected are inadequately guarded and areas where parachutists might drop are not properly watched, while the voluntary enthusiasts have to strain themselves to do all the routine jobs as well as a lot of special courses. He adds that until Home Guards are compulsory and part of the Army, you cannot remove from them the atmosphere of Territorial picnicking. He described a group who, when told to take cover under a hedge, insisted on making a bunched attack in full sunlight because to take cover meant lying down in a muddy road. One thing that I believe is making the Home Guard much more serious now is the revived belief, not so much in invasion as in the possible arrival of picked bodies of parachutists sent as suicide squads to destroy given military objectives and production units. Fully to guard all sites against destruction would, he says, mean revising the defences. I suggest as a start we need 6-foot barbed wire hedges very thick and deep. Shock troops will go straight over ordinary barbed wire defences, but a real entanglement will hold them up for the few crucial minutes. Put barbed wire round all key factories, you ask? Yes. I hate barbed wire in England, but I prefer it to Germans.

* * *

I have been hearing some encouraging details of the new educational scheme which is just beginning to lighten the dark boredom of the men in London's huge Auxiliary Fire Service, and to appease their hunger for information and organised discussion; in fact, for "active" education. The scheme is belated and seems still inadequate. Recently a notice was circulated to all fire stations asking for volunteers to be trained as "discussion leaders." To the astonishment of those who thought a few more dart boards or packs of cards would have better met the case, no fewer than 464 men immediately volunteered. Of these, a first batch of 100 was selected after an interview and examination of qualifications. It is interesting that among the successful candidates were two coloured men. These 100 are then given a special one-week course, at the University of London, in subjects ranging from economics to public speaking. I understand that about 30 have now passed through this course. These "discussion leaders" have further meetings every fortnight at Lambeth Headquarters for further lectures. Their job is to visit every station in their area at least once a fortnight, open a discussion with a lecture lasting 20 minutes or half an hour, and then help to lead the discussion which follows. Because the full number of volunteers has not yet passed the course, some of those already in action are visiting as many as three stations a day. I imagined that the discussions would last perhaps an hour or an hour and a half. I was told that, on the contrary, three hours is quite a usual length for these discussions, conducted by groups of men in the stations varying in number from a dozen to fifty.

* * *

Regretting that "old age and delicate health" prevent her being present in person, the indomitable Beatrice Webb has voiced the feelings of a great many people in a thoughtful and enthusiastic message of support to the London Conference being held this Saturday by the *Daily Worker* to push forward the struggle against the 14-months ban on the paper. The cause of unity at home and unity with our Allies, she points out, will alike be served by the lifting of the ban. I hope the significance of the Conference at Central Hall will not be under-estimated by the authorities. I see that the Executives of the Amalgamated Engineering Union and of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain are among those represented. It cannot be supposed that the leadership of these two great Unions would be taking this step except in the conviction that the lifting of the ban on the *Daily Worker* is a matter of real importance and serious concern to their members, including a majority of the skilled men in the aircraft factories. Mr. Morrison has suggested that Home Office estimates of what could be achieved in terms of heightened morale, understanding, and hence production, by a restored *Daily Worker* do not tally with those of the Communist Party. But the point is that the support of working-class and other organisations all over the country, and now the representation at this Conference, prove that the issue is one of great importance. I am glad to see that the Parliamentary Liberal Party has recently declared itself against the ban, and has asked Sir Archibald Sinclair to raise the matter with his Cabinet colleagues. A Liberal M.P., Mr. T. L. Horabin, is taking the chair at the Central Hall Conference.

* * *

Attended the opening of a British Restaurant and Community Centre in the little town of Dunmow. A very creditable achievement, and the first time, I gather, that a British Restaurant, a Youth and Education Centre and a Crèche have all been housed in the same building. A couple of Mayors, the local Importances and education officials of Essex all present to eat lunch and hear Mr. Butler, Minister of Education, make a good little speech in which he said quite truly that the diplomacy required at the Foreign Office was nothing to that needed by a Minister of Education with local authorities to deal with. The lunch was first-rate, and not very different from what you can buy for about 1s. at a British Restaurant. Agricultural workers have talked to me with enthusiasm about it. Rather too much was said about Youth. The word came into vogue, I remember, after the last war; in every generation it salves the consciences of the older people to say that somehow or other the next generation is not going to repeat their mistakes. One speaker even went so far as to call Mr. Butler "Youth." I did not hear any reference to this occasion on the wireless, but then how often does one hear anything on the wireless about the small constructive things that some people are trying to do? Most people are more concerned with food than with battles, but of course everyone wants to hear about events at which they have been present, especially if Cabinet Ministers and Importances were there too. A good news bulletin should make everyone feel that all the things that he himself has been doing are somehow News.

* * *

Generally speaking, I hate all those who shoot birds, and the man who shoots a lonely pigeon, usually a homing pigeon, would get short shrift from me. But as I look at the ruined rows of cabbages, gaunt stalks with spidery fragments left where there should have been good succulent green stuff, I find a growing partiality for wild pigeon pie. For me there can never be too many birds. But starlings and sparrows are quite plentiful enough, and as for the huge flocks of fat pigeons that descend on my garden and which ate it bare during the frost, I don't mind if they get shot by the hundred. I recall a saying of the French peasants before the Revolution; they had two grievances, priests and pigeons, they said: the one devoured them in the seed and the other in the grain. I began to express my feelings about pigeons to Mr. Park. I should have been wiser silent. He has all the immemorial hatred for birds that characterises the smallholder on the Continent. Robins and wrens are the exception; but he has seen tits, he declares, sitting on a hive, tapping it with their beaks and snatching the bees as they come out. Nor can I persuade him that most birds do more good than harm. I told him of some French farmers who systematically cleared an area of birds and whose land was consequently eaten up with insects and utterly barren. Finally he declared that the trouble was all these trees about! He could see the pigeons and other birds sitting in their cover ready to swoop down the moment his back was turned. He would cut down all the trees . . . I began a lecture on the balance of nature, but I might have saved my breath. In a society as unnatural as this how is one to sustain that still sound argument? And then Mr. Park knows quite well that, whatever arguments I use, my real reason is just that I am fond of trees and even of bullfinches.

* * *

Overheard in the train. First City gentleman, after reading Sir William Beveridge's article in the *Times*, March 17th. "Yes, of course we ought to get rid of party politics." Second City gentleman, "Certainly, but you can't get the Labour Party to see that."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to William McIntosh.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

A member of a Leicester congregation claims to have seen an angel in St. Andrew's Church, looking down on the vicar.

And the vicar, the Rev. J. G. Gillman, does not doubt it.

"If you ask me why no one else saw the angel," said Mr. Gillman yesterday, "I should say there was only one person in the congregation on the right wavelength.

"The angel disappeared. He probably realised that he had been observed, and so to speak changed his wavelength."—*Daily Mirror.*

A Nottingham pit lad, fined £12 yesterday for failing to turn up for work on three occasions, said night shifts interfered with his dancing.—*Daily Express.*

In yesterday's fourth broadcast of "The Man Born to be King"—the plays written round the Life of Christ—it was revealed that the B.B.C. have changed their minds about the introduction of one American slang phrase.

In the original text Miss Dorothy Sayers made Matthew the Tax-gatherer say to Philip, who is supposed to have been cheated of six drachmas: "The fact is, Philip, you've been had for a sucker" . . .

Matthew's phrase is now toned down to "You've been a mug; you let him ring the changes on you."—*Daily Mail.*

So they should buy luxuries if they could afford it. They should not buy against the poor man who could not afford luxuries and buy nothing that had to be imported. Those were his ideas on economy.—Conservative M.P. reported in *Worcester News and Times.*

MOUSETRAP

I WAS commissioned the other day to buy a mousetrap. I sent couriers to all the shops at which mousetraps could be bought in normal times, and to my astonishment found that mousetraps were, if one may use the phrase, practically unattainable in southern England. They have disappeared like alarm clocks. England has become a mouse's holiday resort, and we who have a traditional prejudice against allowing a house to become infested with mice are left without means of protection against infestment.

There was no reason to worry so long as our cat was alive. But he died a few months ago, full of years, and the mice have been bolder ever since. It was not that he was a clever mouser—and I liked him all the better for that—but he was a Siamese who looked as if he were a clever mouser, and the mice, impressed by his squint, kept clear of the house in consequence. He was the ideal policeman, in fact, who checks crime by his mere presence and not by the more obvious method of manhandling the wrongdoer.

Now that he is gone, however, the mice have become more courageous. They wake me from sleep in the small hours as they scuttle in their apparent hundreds behind the wainscot. They do not realise that in me that have a far more ruthless enemy than in an inefficient Siamese. They appear to think that it was the Siamese and not I who objected to their nibbling the corners of books and converting the shelves in the kitchen into a promenade. Under this illusion, they turn night into day, and treat the house as Liberty Hall. They have yet to learn that man is the only really dangerous animal.

Not that I hate mice. Indeed, I rather like them in other people's houses. I have even encouraged children to feed them in cottages that have been lent to me. Few things are prettier or gentler than a mouse. As children we used to eat sugar mice that seemed doubly sweet because of their murine shape. Mice that are white are made pets of by schoolboys. How is it then that the general antipathy to mice is so strong that the ordinary household makes war on them as in other countries men make war on serpents and lions and tigers? They are not quite so harmless as British spiders—the most harmless of all living creatures—but they are next door to them in harmlessness. Yet, when I was a child, women were supposed to scream at sight of a mouse as a modern woman would not scream at sight of an alligator. I remember a boy's bringing a mouse in a matchbox to a mixed preparatory school and letting it loose on the floor, and, from the screams uttered by the schoolgirls, you might have thought you were in the midst of an earthquake at Valparaiso.

In those days, perhaps, I was not quite so brave in presence of a mouse as I am now: but that was because I shared the common notion that a mouse, when excited, always ran up the human leg, and to me as to others of the nineteenth-century young, this was a terrifying prospect. As a matter of fact, the mouse seldom runs up the human leg, but our attitude to mice was based on the assumption that it always did. There were women who even, at sight of a mouse, leaped on to chairs and tables. It was impossible to persuade them, as a few rationalists attempted to do, that a mouse was more afraid of a human being than a human being was of a mouse. This general fear of mice was probably the origin of the popularity of that selfish animal, the cat. People felt that, in face of a mouse, a cat at least can be relied upon for courage. Cats, indeed, seemed then to be the only thing that stood between the human race and its subjugation by mice.

Cats and mousetraps. Yet even in those days many men's consciences smote them at the thought of the ruthlessness with which they were pursuing these little hole-in-the-wall enemies. I have seen a woman rescuing a mouse that had run up a curtain from a pursuing cat and taking it in her hand and restoring it gently to its wooden cave. In theory she wanted to clear the house of mice; but an individual mouse is not mice: it had sought sanctuary, it was pitiful, and the one important thing to do was to save it from harm. An uncle of mine, pestered with mice, once bought a mousetrap and put it in his bedroom, but the first night when he heard a mouse squeaking in it, he got up and released the mouse and threw the mousetrap out of the window. Life is full of difficult problems for the sensitive. I knew two charming Irishwomen who, when they went away from their flat on the Chelsea Embankment for a holiday at home, always left a bag of meal on the kitchen floor so that the mice might not starve in their absence.

Most of us, of course, want to get rid of mice, but we prefer that the riddance should be done out of our sight and hearing. We acquiesce in their extermination as we acquiesce in capital punishment; but we have no wish to be witnesses of the doom we inflict on them. Even those who fear them have no malice against them. If house-mice would take to the habits of field-mice, even the timidest children would love them. Is there a single hostile reference to mice in all literature? I cannot remember one. There is the fable of the mouse that by nibbling at the rope saved the lion from the net. There is Burns's address to the mouse in which he speaks of himself as "thy poor earth-born companion—fellow mortal." There are Suckling's charming lines on a lady:

> Her feet beneath her petticoat
> Like little mice, stole in and out,
> As if they feared the light.

Nor do the children's rhymes, "Hickory-dickory-dock" and "Three Blind Mice" inspire terror of the gentlest of the rodents. Poetry on the whole may be said not to be vindictive against mice. How does it come, then, that you and I want to chase them from our homes?

I myself lean to the opinion that nothing was created—or, at least, that nothing may have been created—without a purpose. The more science investigates the world of living creatures, the more of these creatures, once regarded as pests, are discovered to be the benefactors of mankind. Consider, for example, all the birds that in the past farmers, gardeners, and gamekeepers treated as though they had no right to exist on a planet intended to serve the needs of human beings. There was scarcely a bird, from the hawk to the hawfinch, from the blackbird to the bullfinch, from the great tit to the little owl, from the rook to the starling, that was not looked on as an enemy—a thief of the food supply. A few inquisitive men of the humaner sort, however, began to shoot these birds in order to examine the contents of their stomachs and to discover whether they were such unprincipled competitors in the food-market as traditional prejudice had pictured them. As a result, one bird after another has been cleared of all the main charges against it. Most of them, it is admitted, eat food designed by nature for human mouths; but the food they eat is no more than a living wage for the work they perform in destroying pests. Even a slave is allowed his dinner. Why, then, not a rook or a starling? Birds, it is generally agreed nowadays, do more good than harm. If human beings lived up to their example, pessimistic poets and novelists would have nothing to write about.

The vindication of birds, of course, does not itself mean that all other living creatures must be regarded as equally innocent. But it suggests that there is a prima facie case for re-examining the evidence on which so many living creatures have in the past been much condemned. May it not turn out that some useful purpose is served even by the housefly? I do not say that there is, but I sometimes wonder whether Uncle Toby's friendliness to the fly may not have been prophetic of a more scientific attitude to that lovely winged insect. "'I'll not hurt thee,' says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand—'I'll not hurt a hair of thy head: Go,' says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape; 'Go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.'" There is something here that gives a twinge to the conscience of a dweller in this world of flit and fly-swatting. The question whether there is room in the world for both us and the fly has never been seriously considered by most of us; but the fact that a better man than ourselves not only considered it, but answered it in the affirmative, should prepare us for a new and unprejudiced approach to the subject. Even the beetle, the moth and the mosquito may have something to be said for them. I do not know what it is, but science should be able to find out.

Similarly with the mouse. I should like to be able to give a list of his virtues and his services to

man in the contemporary world, but I can find nothing but attacks on him as a pest and a nuisance "March of Mice Stops Motors," "Mice Holding up the Work of a Government Department," "Mice Cause Hotel Fire"—such are the characteristic headings in the newspapers that record the doings of mice from day to day. A few years ago we were even told of a march of mice that invaded a district of Australia—a sensational march of millions, of which the Senior Constable of Onyen reported that "cats in the district have been attacked and eaten by the mice." That, it seems to me, reflects credit on the courage of mice, but can they be trusted, having tasted the flesh of cats, to stop at that of human beings?

The case against the mouse is certainly a serious one. I hope that science will one day dispose of it, but, as that day has not yet arrived, I am afraid I shall have to go out and buy a mouse-trap if I can get one. Y.Y.

ATONALISM: SECOND THOUGHTS

In discussing the future of music, some little time ago, I committed myself to the assertion that the cause of Atonalism might be considered lost. I now think this was rash of me. Hindemith, whose own system is a kind of free Polytonalism, rejects Atonalism as "lazy," and I confess that until lately my own attitude had been formed by dislike of the desiccated effect of atonal music in performance and by suspicion of what seemed to me altogether too strait a jacket for the creative imagination to function in. But recently Ernst Krenek's lucid handbook* has convinced me that Atonalism is not merely a device for enabling composers who have nothing to say to foist their feeble inventions on ears too unaccustomed to the idiom to distinguish a cliché from an original statement. I shall not pretend that, after three centuries of purely tonal thinking, the distinction is not far more difficult to make than it would have been in the sixteenth century; but it seems to me that in this sphere one habit need not prevent one from forming another parallel to it. Like the colour-octave, or prism, which ends in colours we cannot see, the register of humanly distinguishable notes is closed at one end by a bat-squeak; at the other by an indefinite series of grunts. Our music, then, is chosen from the members of a closed society whose obligations to one another are reduced by this fact to the level of a necessity. The Twelve-note technique is only (and does not, according to its inventor, Schönberg, pretend to be more than) one method of expressing the form of this necessity and thus of establishing a specious freedom among the members of the society, but it does seem to me to be (with the short-lived exception of Debussy's whole-tone system) the only method of dealing with sounds which, in the period since the death of Wagner, has provided a self-consistent corpus of laws and expedients sufficiently exhaustive to create a school, and elastic enough to be capable of evolving according to the changing spirit of the century. That the whole system is one of the most ingenious and elaborate mathematical puzzles ever devised can scarcely be regarded as a point in its favour: formulae are as much the enemies of art as they are of morality, and if the new structure took no account of window-space it would hardly deserve more serious consideration than the musical rebuses of the medieval Netherlands school, or than that game we have all played in childhood which consists in so walking a pavement that one never treads on the joins. But one must not quarrel with methods for having rules, and those of Atonalism are for the most part logical outcomes of a single premiss, which has the primary merit of ensuring consistency of texture by insisting that the material of any given piece shall be (although unobtrusively) homogeneous.

This premiss consists in the *Grundgestalt*, or basic note-row, a series containing all twelve notes of the chromatic scale arranged in a pattern selected for its expressive (i.e. melodic) and plastic qualities. Once the series has been chosen the pattern is irrevocable, in the sense that the notes in it must never change their order of succession (the pitch at which they are uttered is immaterial and may vary from one note to the next) and no part of the series may be repeated until the whole has run its course. Grotesquely arbitrary as such rules may at first sight appear, they are really no more so than the rules governing "strict" diatonic harmony and counterpoint; moreover, the further concession that the note-row may be considered in any of four different shapes or transmutations—original, inverted, reflected (as in a mirror), and the inversion of the reflection—all four of which can be used either singly or in contrapuntal combination: such a concession as this enormously extends the composer's liberty of invention.

Certain objections, however, do suggest themselves, the first being that the horizontal habit of thinking inherent in this particular conception of the chromatic scale must involve a total emphasis on polyphony, since, whether the *Grundgestalt* (or basic note-row) be used in its original form or in one of its three transmutations, the series has got to be unwound from one end only. Thus the rigid rule that the notes of the series must not be repeated until the whole lot have been run through, except (1) in single short figures such as shakes, etc., and (2) where the intervening notes can be slipped in between from the other parts, tends to make figuration difficult to devise and so to put a premium on the kind of accompaniment on which homophony depends. This must be deplored, for while some minds (usually those of an intellectual cast) find counterpoint, and polyphony generally, more satisfying, others are only happy when listening to some form of *cantilena*; and it is clear that both must be catered for, though of course not necessarily by the same composer. From the same angle it must be pointed out that (certain passages in *Wozzeck* notwithstanding) atonal music in general is extraordinarily un-vocal—again a natural concomitant of the rules governing the use of the *Grundgestalt*, which compel the melodic line to change pitch constantly and violently in order to escape the monotony involved in focusing the series within one, or even two, octaves. No doubt it was some consideration of this difficulty which led Schönberg to adopt the *Sprech-stimme*, since this type of utterance can deal easily with intervals that are quite impossible where a true intonation is required.

Again, Krenek's light-hearted assertion that "in atonal music the musical phrase creates its own metre, independently of the time-signature which merely serves the purpose of facilitating the survey," seems to me rather uneasy, for the situation it describes, while leaving room for plenty of cleverly varied agitation within the parts, could lead to an entire lack of movement on the larger scale (i.e. that involving the whole piece), and finally to the kind of rhythmic lassitude observable in Tzigane and Indian music, or in composers like Delius and Van Dieren.

Yet the strongest objection of all still seems to me to lie in the difficulty of making atonal music *sensuously*, as well as intellectually, satisfying; for this is, to all intents and purposes, a new musical language, and it remains to be seen whether the ear can be trained so as to accommodate both idioms (tonal and atonal) and to pass without discomfort from one to the other. Unlike the inventor of another atonal technique, Josef Hauer, Schönberg has stated that he does not wish the listener to be conscious of the mechanics of his compositions. This is all very well, but I submit that at present one *has* to learn the system in order to follow even the rudiments of what is happening; otherwise all one is aware of is a kind of shapeless aural firework, fizzing and spluttering disagreeably enough, and eventually going out in a puff of smoke. At this stage of comprehension judgment is impossible, and I for one should be hard put to it to say whether, for example, Schönberg's *Wind Quintet* is a "better" work than his *Third String Quartet*, or vice versa. This is not to say that one cannot, occasionally, recognise what are evidently wonderful successes depending directly on the new technique, and I should instance in especial the scene near the beginning of *Wozzeck* where the two soldiers pick up sticks in the sunset, and the tavern scene in the last act. The sinister, the mysterious, and the sordid are here expressed with an indescribable and frightening pungency, as well as a directness and economy, that make the listener shiver—and suggest, moreover, how suitable the medium might prove to the setting of such a poem as Rimbaud's *Une Saison en Enfer*.

These are some mitigations of the general impression of sterile authoritarianism; others, of a different nature, like parts of Berg's *Wozzeck*, *Violin Concerto* and *Lyric Suite*, and Schönberg's orchestral *Variations*, *op.* 31, suggest that Krenek is right in anticipating an increasing freedom from the strict academic laws of the Twelve-note system. These works demonstrate clearly enough the composers' felt need to extend the rules applying to the *Grundgestalt* so as to embrace the advantages of tonality as well—the only direction, in fact, in which such a deviation could imaginably go; and in all the cases where these licences have been taken the reason is plainly that the composer wanted imperatively, at a particular moment, to reach the listener's heart and did not see how else he was to do it. No harm need come of such expedients provided they are not regarded as a pot of jam from which an occasional spoonful may be snatched, "when mother's not looking." For nothing is more disastrous than a method so severe that to deviate from it, even for a moment, arouses a sense of guilt. Some such feeling lurks, I suspect, behind Krenek's chapter on Consonances and Dissonances, the latter of which are listed in two groups, "mild" and "sharp." Now it is obvious from the lists that the distinctions have been made *on tonal grounds*, since from an atonal point of view there can surely be no distinction whatsoever between those coincidences of notes hitherto regarded as consonant or dissonant. Just as the tonal system belongs to the age of social hierarchies, so the atonal reflects the passing of class distinctions in the egalitarian nature of its scale structure, in which no single note is more important than—or qualitatively different from—any other. Of course, once a series has been chosen, each note becomes anchored, not to the constant "gravity" of a tonic and its overtones, but to its position in the *Grundgestalt*. And like a constellation in the sky, the shape of the series is relative (in the Einsteinian sense) to the position of each note contained in it. Chords that occur from the resulting polyphony simply are what they are and intrinsically reject a label.

Atonalism, being orientated towards polyphony, possesses the initial advantage of a robust digestion This it *must* keep, by hook or by crook: the valetudinarianism of Anton Webern's musical cobwebs—fascinating though they are—is, like Scriabin's harmony, essentially a personal matter and must not lead to imitation, or the movement will die of exquisite fastidiousness. But assured of athletic vigour, it might well lend itself to the creation of new forms, large and small, since it is clearly very agile as well as peculiarly well adapted to take such devices as variations, passacaglias, fugues, canons, and so on (*see Pierrot Lunaire*), in its stride. The use of these in the evolution of atonal symphonic music (not to mention opera) can readily be imagined, since the old necessities of ritornello, working-out and recapitulation—together with the emotional content of the nineteenth-century symphony, its four-movement balance (or lack of it), its preference for alternation of mood, its insistence on an effective exit—will almost certainly be enormously modified in the future, even if they do not actually give place to an entirely new arrangement of the musical entities involved.

How attractive and stimulating to the musical imagination the vocabulary of note-rows, and the Gerard Hopkins-like combinations of which they are capable, will eventually prove, it is still, after twenty-five years of practice, too early to say; but at any rate it is up to every young composer to examine this system as well as the old, in order to determine which will deal most adequately with the material of his emotional experience—just as a painter has to decide whether to adopt some form of Impressionist technique, with its emphasis on brushwork, or the linear method and waxen surface of the school of Raphael and Ingres. We cannot forecast which choice the most talented of them will make, because we have as yet seen only the first modifications of which the new technique has shown itself capable. That there are more to come it would be ungenerous to doubt. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

* *Studies in Counterpoint*. Scribner's, New York. Obtainable from Messrs Boosey & Hawkes. 6*s*.

Correspondence

PUBLIC AND SECONDARY SCHOOLS

SIR,—The question of financial difficulties of public schools, which are more correctly named independent schools, has been widely advertised during the past year or so, and in a manner likely to cause serious misapprehensions. The average man may form the impression that danger threatens such schools as Eton and Harrow. This is not the case. But some of the minor and poorer independent schools—poorer both in the sense of endowments and of the financial position of the parents—*are* embarrassed. The claim has been put forward that the State should do something for them. The claim is sound, but there is no difficulty in the way of their obtaining the necessary aid. Any public secondary school which is reasonably efficient can obtain assistance from the State. A number of important schools, such as Bedford and Berkhamsted, which were once independent, are now State-aided. Such schools can either apply for aid to the Local Education Authority, or, if their difficulties are less acute, for a grant, known as the "direct grant," from the Board of Education.

Why, then, are they agitating? The answer is simple. The receipt of public money implies a certain measure of public control. The authorities of these schools want the money without the control. Why? Are the schools inefficient educationally, and do they desire to conceal this inefficiency from the Board of Education? That is a possible explanation, though I hesitate to assert that it is the correct one; but it is difficult to think of any other. From personal experience of teaching both in aided and in independent schools, I can say without hesitation that independent schools would gain rather than lose by the degree of control usually exercised by the Board of Education. Public control, like all other human institutions, is not perfect, but I have no doubt that the balance of advantage is on the side of its normal exercise.

Even if others think differently, there is still no reasonable ground for this agitation. If there is anything wrong with the public control of secondary schools, the matter needs investigation. Even then the demand of a small clique for special privileges cannot be granted by any State which is called democratic. It is a gross and blatant attempt to institute a new class privilege, and as such particularly reprehensible at the present time. These schools, if they want public money, must submit to public control and details can be considered afterwards. I appeal to all those who call themselves democratic, and particularly to Members of Parliament, to watch this intrigue, and to see that it does not succeed. Under present conditions measures sometimes slip through Parliament without adequate discussion, and this, it seems to me, is the hope of the clique who are conducting this agitation. Such an attempt would be much more difficult in the full light of public discussion, and I therefore appeal to all interested in education to be on their guard, and to oppose absolutely any attempt to obtain a new class privilege.

H. S. SHELTON

COLONIAL RULE

SIR,—The war has not as yet seriously embroiled the West African colonies. The East African campaign, which brought the West African expeditionary force into the news in Britain, is now over, and for the moment the attention of the British public is focused on other theatres of war. All who have heard of the prowess of the West African troops can doubt neither their loyalty nor their readiness to sacrifice their lives in defence of their motherland and the Empire. But we must not mistake their loyalty for contentment. The educated Africans, sensitive as their enlightenment has made them to Colonial policy, are a particularly dissatisfied element in their own country. This state of affairs has arisen mainly because their status has as yet to be determined both in relation to the chiefs and to the Colonial governments themselves. This is a problem which the Colonial Office must tackle now, even at this crucial hour.

More often than not, the policy of the Colonial governments has been to ignore, or pretend to ignore, the aspirations of the educated Africans, whose cultural and educational standards they claim the final right to judge, without themselves providing any real opportunity, which they should do, for developing and testing those standards. In other words, the so-called shortcomings of the educated Africans of which the authorities often complain bear a relation to the travesty of British education in Africa, and to the example or neglect of the authorities themselves. But the evolution of a coming people such as the Africans is always a shade in advance of the Colonial governments' somewhat complacent assessment of it. At any moment, not predictable by those governments, the educated African mind may become crystallised, self-assured and formidable. That crystallisation can and surely must be harnessed as a power on the side of the Empire. Yet the attitude of the Colonial governments has often been such as to make the educated Africans dangerously susceptible to foreign propaganda, as are liable to be, any people who get little in return for their loyalty and goodwill.

Long before Britain declared war, the Colonial authorities were quick to impress the Africans with the exclusive racialism of the Germans, and the state of permanent subjection which German rule would impose on them if Germany were handed back her former Colonies. But propaganda of this sort, effective though it may be at first, is bound to lose its sting when it is realised firstly that native African opinion does not produce any real effects unless its aspirations are what British foreign or home policy designs them to be; and secondly, that the British authorities themselves evidently have no plans for the purposive guidance of the Africans towards self-determination. Indeed, the British method in actual practice to-day seems to imply an indefinite subjection of the Africans to British rule, so much so that educated Africans have come to regard any idealistic pronouncements to the contrary as a mere policy of appeasement.

The truth is that the modern generation of Africans knows only too well that European powers will redistribute the Colonies when it suits their purpose; but because they (Africans) have not tasted of what it means to be free, they are, in a sense, unafraid of transfer from one power to another. Although the Africans themselves may express their sincere loyalty to British rule, yet simply because they are not free to choose, that sincerity must ultimately be misleading. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that until some critical situation arises in the Colonies, neither the Africans nor the British authorities themselves will ever realise to what extent the grievances of the Africans have made them apathetic to British declarations of goodwill. What is therefore urgent now is a bold and far-sighted review of African problems, for only in that way can African enthusiasm for the war be assessed in its right perspective.

The Colonial Office is an almost impersonal machine which can, and often does, inflict hardship on the extremely sensitive Africans whose destiny it controls. The duty of the executive officer on the spot is to obey; he often cannot afford to oppose the powerful machine from which he derives his existence. It is true, therefore, that only the voice of the British people at home can help the Africans in their plight.

A GOLD COAST AFRICAN

SOVIET UNION AND FINLAND

SIR,—The Russo-Finnish War of 1939-40 is old history now, but there is always the danger that the feelings it aroused may be dragged out of the cupboard to disturb relations between Britain and Russia, particularly after the present war. I think, therefore, that those of us who saw the 1939–40 campaign at first-hand should re-examine in the light of recent events the views we expressed on it.

FABER

The Discipline of Peace K. E. BARLOW
On the permanent conditions of politics and the laws of the relation of man to his environment in nature, which political philosophy and social planning have tended to ignore. 8s. 6d.

No Other Road to Freedom LELAND STOWE
A first-hand account: the Finnish campaign, the capture of Oslo, Rumania's fall, Greece's defeat of Italy. "His chapters giving the inside story of the mess the British made of Norway should be cut out, reprinted and posted up in Whitehall."—*News Review*. 12s. 6d.

Young Art and Old Hector NEIL GUNN
The new novel by the author of *The Silver Darlings* and *Morning Tide*. 8s. 6d.

Tragedy at Law CYRIL HARE
A new crime story by the author of *Tenant for Death* and *Death is No Sportsman*. Central figure: a High Court judge. Scene: "on circuit." 7s. 6d.

Truth & Fallacy in Educational Theory
Education "according to Nature" and the theories associated with the names of Herbart and Dewey are discussed in fundamentals and deductions are made about the foundations on which any educational theory must be built.
By C. D. HARDIE. 6s. *net*.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

RATIONING and Nutrition
Only a scientific knowledge of nutrition can make scarcity harmless. Criticise your foods by
Dr GEOFFREY BOURNE'S
Nutrition & the War
and put them right for yourself and the family.
Second edition. 4s. 6d. *net*.

DEEDES BEY
by
JOHN PRESLAND
This book tells the story of Sir Wyndham Deedes' brilliant career in the Middle East during and after the last war. 16/-
MACMILLAN

Catherine of Aragon
GARRETT MATTINGLY
'Has the living detail of an original work: one sees all the intimate circumstance of life going on around the great figures.... There is little doubt that he has written what is now the standard work on Catherine' A. L. ROWSE in *The Observer* [18s net]

Walt Whitman
HUGH I'ANSON FAUSSET
'Besides being a fine and sensitive literary and biographical study, is a fine and sensitive and penetrating "tract for the times". Those who really care for Democracy's future would do well to read it thoughtfully' *Time and Tide* [12s 6d net]
JONATHAN CAPE

My view, which I stated in *The Red Army Moves*, was that the Russians were right in their aim but wrong morally and tactically in their methods. They should not have resorted to war, I believed, if they could have got by the threats of war—as appeared possible at that time—Hango and a substantial part of the Karelian Isthmus.

I see now that view is unrealistic. I have changed my opinion not because the Russians are now fighting alongside us but because my own ideas of the realities of war have been modified considerably by a year of experience as a soldier in Crete and Libya. I can see now that the primary thing in war is not to hold this position or that, but to destroy the enemy's forces. The Russians realised this and set out not just to get the Mannerheim Line but to smash the Finnish Army. For that army, though small, was highly efficient, and the pro-Nazi character of its General Staff meant that it would always be brought in on Hitler's side in any war with Russia. Ruthlessly but rightly the Russians determined to break that army while they had the chance to tackle it in their own time.

The Russians, of course, made the great tactical blunder of overestimating the amount of support they would get inside Finland. This led them to send in inadequate forces and produce a long, clumsy campaign instead of a swift action. This caused great suffering to both Russians and Finns alike, though it brought the Red Army invaluable experience for the present war with Germany.

We must admit that, viewed against war as it really is, the Russians have a strong case for their action in 1939–40. No amount of sympathy for the ordinary Finn, who has now suffered in two wars, neither of which he wanted, should blind us to this fact. It is one which experience has, for me at least, made clear.

GEOFFREY COX

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

SIR,—With reference to your interesting critique of *The Doctor's Dilemma*—this brings back memories. When this play was first on, I happened to be taking patients to Sir Almroth Wright, and said to him on one occasion that I hoped he was duly grateful to G.B.S. for the advertisement he had given him! Wright replied that Shaw was seeing his work one day and asked him what he did if he had more patients coming to him than he could treat, and Wright replied: "Oh! if I come across a decent fellow or a good-looking girl, I save them and let the rotters go!" I note you see R.B. as a small man, but Shaw, in his description of the character, says he is tall. (Eric Lewis fairly sat on this part.) The yarn in the profession at that time was that it was founded on Douglas Powell (Court physician)! Also it was said that William Archer had said that "Shaw could not write a death-scene," and hence the death of Dubedat. In his criticism W.A. said that G.B.S. "ought to have omitted the epilogue!" I don't know if the names have been changed; the *N.S.* gives Ripon for Ridgeon: Schertzmaster for Schutzmacher: and Arthur (Walpole) for *Cutler* (this surely just the Christian name for a surgeon). Query, Was the surname Walpole suggested by "Every man has his price!" I don't know if Cullen's reference to Shaw as a Methodist preacher is still in. At the time we thought it was suggested by Bernard Snell, a Congregationalist minister who had quite a vogue in South-West London at that time. These are all small points, but they may interest you.

W. R. DUNSTAN

[Our renaming of the characters was unintentional and deplorable.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

COLONEL ELTON AND LORD BLIMP

SIR,—Raymond Mortimer writes in his review of *Saint George or the Dragon* by Lord Elton (*N.S. & N.* 7/3/42): "Sometimes he makes a shrewd hit, as when he points out that Blimp was often right." So could anyone make shrewd hits and show Blimp right if one chose to cut about the original text of Blimp's remarks, suppressing the essential asinine twist and misdirecting the jeer to suit oneself, as Lord Elton has done in three of the four quotations he prints (with wrong dates). Here are two comparisons:

Blimp as originally printed.	*Blimp as operated on by Elton.*
"Gad, sir, Winston is right. We must have more armaments, not only to uphold international law, but to protect ourselves from justice and right."	"Gad, sir, Winston is right. We must have more armaments."
"Gad, sir, Mr. Baldwin is right. To ensure peace we must have plenty of airplanes. Otherwise how are we going to drop messages of goodwill on the enemy!"	"Gad, sir, Mr. Baldwin is right. To ensure peace we must have plenty of airplanes."

Lord Elton's one sound quotation, "Gad, sir, we must have conscription if Liberty is to survive," is, I agree, right for to-day. But it was wrong, I think, when Blimp made it at the World Disarmament Conference.

LOW

PRODUCTION

SIR,—I think your correspondent "J. A." in his letter on this vexed question of production has hit the nail on the head with a resounding thump. As a worker in an aircraft factory I find that among the workers as a whole there is a desire to get on with the job, at heart they feel the urgency of the situation but they are held back by the atmosphere of frustration that seems to pervade the shops, in some cases expressing itself in open cynicism. "IT ALL DEPENDS ON ME" shout the posters from the walls. But the man or girl who has been shunted about from one machine to another, or only allowed to get their teeth into a job halfway through a shift is apt to reply: "Oh yeah?"

The trouble is that between the executives and the men and girls on the machines there is a vast gulf fixed. Production committees are not enough. Vague appeals through posters or leaflets are a waste of good paper. What is needed is a sense of urgency generated throughout the whole factory from top to bottom. And the only way to get it is to develop a feeling of co-operation and mutual understanding between the workers, office staff and executives. Admittedly to do this you have to break down the barriers of snobbery and custom—but given a measure of imagination and enthusiasm on the part of the management it could be done. Let the latter take a positive and helpful attitude towards the workers in the shops. Let works managers and departmental heads see themselves as leaders who are going to earn the respect of those under them by their own personal interest in small day-to-day problems, by their own enthusiasm and energy—not, as is usually the case, as unknown quantities whose names appear at the bottom of interminable notices and memos. Let there be more open fraternisation between the office workers and those in the shops. Let each side get to know the problems of the other and you go a long way to ending the mutual suspicion and backbiting that takes place. If there is anything to hide, then let it be seen, if there is not, then no one is the worse off.

Let our ministers and production chiefs get it into their heads once and for all that the sins and omissions of munition workers, numerous as they are, derive *not* from some undesirable trait in their individual characters, but from their very experiences in the factory itself. The problem will not be solved by penalties or vague appeals to the individual, but by a change of attitude by those responsible for the organisation of production on the spot. After all the morale of a soldier is determined by his estimation of his superior officer as a fighter and a leader—even the bravest and steadfast of men will lose heart if their major or general lacks their respect, and this applies equally to the factory worker.

TIMEKEEPER

ALLEN & UNWIN

The War Poet has arrived at last!

Raider's Dawn

AND OTHER POEMS

ALUN LEWIS

It speaks, in the recognisable voice of England's poetry, the sensitive integrity of an English soldier—"the Rupert Brooke of this war" (*Herbert Read*)

3s 6d net

The Mongol Empire

ITS RISE AND LEGACY

MICHAEL PRAWDIN

This great work by a Russian author is now again available. "A fascinating account of a fantastic people and the life story of one of the great characters of history"—*Listener*

Illustrated 25s net

Recommended by the Book Society

★

'Ought to be read by everyone who has said: It can't happen here.'
TIMES LIT. SUP.

THOMAS KERNAN

REPORT ON FRANCE

10s. 6d.

'The best account yet of how Germany has taken over the entire economy of Occupied France.'
YORKSHIRE POST

★

2nd large printing

The Bodley Head

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS OF PAUL

BRUNTON

are now available

THE HIDDEN TEACHING BEYOND YOGA (A few copies only) - - 21/-
(*2nd Impression in 2 months*)
A SEARCH IN SECRET INDIA - 17/6
A SEARCH IN SECRET EGYPT - 20/-
THE QUEST OF THE OVERSELF 17/6
THE INNER REALITY (*6th Impr.*) 15/-
THE SECRET PATH (*9th Impr.*) 7/6

***CYRIL SCOTT'S*—THE CHRISTIAN PARADOX** - - 8/6

Why has the world never followed the principles of truth, justice, honesty, equity? Why are the foundations of life false? ? A book that tears off the veil of hypocrisy 8/6

47, Prince's Gate London, S.W.7

RIDER

THE THREE BLOSSOMS OF CHANG-AN

By Keith West

★

"A heavenly, wise and witty tale of ancient China."
OBSERVER

"The author has made a careful study of his subject. His style is good, his phrasing felicitous, his wit agreeable; he has taste and dignity. The book is so steeped in authentic Chinese knowledge that it might be a genuine Chinese narrative . . . a real Tang autobiographical discovery."
TIME & TIDE

RECOMMENDED BY THE BOOK SOCIETY

8/-

CRESSET

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. CHERRY-GARRARD, who should know, says that "polar exploration is at once the cleanest and most isolated way of having a bad time which has been devised." And to read about that particular form of bad time is a very good avenue of escape from other bad times.

When I was young, and too much interested in my own life to wish for a moment's escape, I sat next an explorer at dinner and remember being startled out of a dream of new spring hats by the words "Silly fellow, of course he should have eaten the Lapps—no nonsense about that sort of thing."

I see now that there are two kinds of mentality among explorers: what might be called the "Eat-the-Lapps" as opposed to the "Tie-up-the-Dogs" school. (Scott and his companions were so anxious to shed no unnecessary blood that they kept their dogs tied up in order to prevent the slaughter which would otherwise have taken place among seals and penguins.) The first are tough, practical fellows who go exploring because it is their profession to do so, and do it with as little discomfort to themselves as possible, whilst ensuring the maximum of self-advertisement so that their books and lectures shall raise plenty of money. Amundsen was a typical "Eat-the-Lapps" man.

The second kind are dreamers and idealists such as Scott and Nansen.

Of all the Arctic and Antarctic journeys, Scott's Polar Expedition is undoubtedly the most dramatic, on account of the extraordinary characters of Scott and his men and of the shadow of failure and tragedy which hung over them from the moment they left England. At least two members of the party were writers of outstanding ability — Scott himself and Cherry-Garrard, whose book *The Worst Journey in the World* (Penguin, 1s.) is the best book in the world on that particular subject. Between them they tell us practically everything we want to know about their daily life during the expedition; what they do not tell us, because they really do not know, is what the force is that can drive men to undergo such ghastly tortures (hardships is not an adequate word) of their own free will. They ask themselves this question repeatedly, especially Cherry-Garrard, who has a more objective point of view than the others, and always reply "in the interests of science." And indeed it is clearly of importance that man should know the features of the world he lives in. But this is not the whole truth, because once, in the hut, there was a discussion as to whether, if Polar travel, by the aid of modern inventions, should be made comfortable and easy they would continue to care for it, and with one accord they answered no. The fact is that they wanted, because of an inner psychological nagging, to prove to themselves how much they could endure. Their reward was presumably some kind of mental and spiritual cleansing and, as Campbell said, relationship between men who had become more than brothers.

That Amundsen should have raced to the Pole, drawn by some sixty dogs which, as time went on, he ate (eating his own favourite dog first) and never undergoing more discomfort than is entailed by an ordinary Antarctic journey, whilst Scott having used an insufficient number of dogs and ponies for a quarter of the journey, wore himself out manhauling over bad surfaces more than a thousand miles, was due to something more than the usual English lack of proper equipment. Scott could have had, and eaten, dogs if he had liked, but he really preferred to do without them. He thought dog-driving cruel and felt a tremendous relief when he had sent them back and could continue the journey without them. When the whole story became known there was great feeling at home over the dogs, and at the Royal Geographical Society's dinner to Amundsen, the President, Lord Curzon, infuriated his guest by ending his speech with the words, "and now I think we should give three cheers for the dogs."

In the black months of the first winter at Scott's base, on McMurdo Sound, Dr. Wilson asked for two volunteers to go with him to a point on the coast some 75 miles away in order to collect fresh eggs of the Emperor penguin. This unhappy bird, perhaps the most miserable of living creatures, has to lay and hatch its egg in the middle of the piercing winter weather so that its chick may have time to develop sufficiently to survive the next winter. It weighs 6½ stone, looks like a small man, and is in a low state, both of evolution and of spirits. Dr. Wilson considered that an embryo in its egg would be of great scientific interest.

It was one of the rules in the hut that everybody volunteered for everything, so Dr. Wilson really chose his own companions—"Birdie" Bowers, who was considered by Scott to be the hardest traveller in the world, and Cherry-Garrard. Bowers was 28; Cherry-Garrard, 24; and Dr. Wilson himself, "the soul of Scott's expedition," a man of fine character and great experience, was 39.

These three left the light and warmth and good cheer of the hut to embark upon the most ghastly nightmare it is possible to imagine. Their clothes were permanently frozen like boards, so that they were condemned to remain always in the bending position in which they pulled their sleigh. The surfaces were so bad that they were forced to divide their load and bring it along by relays. They often did not accomplish more than two or three miles in a day. Their hands were covered with huge blisters from frost bite, and the liquid in these blisters was always frozen so that it was as though their fingers were covered with marbles. It often took them nine hours to do the ordinary work of the camp. Dr. Wilson insisted on them spending seven hours out of every twenty-four (day and night in that total blackness being quite arbitrary) in their sleeping bags, and this was the worst of all the tortures; sleep being impossible, they lay and shivered until they thought their backs would break. Their teeth froze and split to pieces. On arrival at the penguin rookery their tent blew away in a blizzard—they supposed out to sea. When the blizzard was over, Bowers found the tent. "We were so thankful we said nothing."

"Look here, you know," said The Owner, as they called Scott, when three moribund figures at last tottered into the hut complete with penguins' eggs, "this is the hardest journey that has ever been done."

Life in the hut was very pleasant, though there was too much work and too many lectures (Scott insisted on three a week and they seem to have bored the others considerably.) There was a pianola, which everybody enjoyed, and a constant flow of witticisms which one assumes to have been unprintable until one learns that Dr. Wilson would leave the company if a coarse word were spoken. The loyalty of the men to each other was fantastic; there were no bickerings, no teasing, no unkindness of any sort. Even reading between the lines of their diaries and records, it is impossible to find that anybody disliked anybody else. A wonderfully funny contrast to this atmosphere is provided by Amundsen's account of his flight over the North Pole in a dirigible with the Italian, Nobile. Nobile was for ever in tears and Amundsen for ever on the verge of hitting him, the climax arriving when, over the Pole, Amundsen dropped a small Norwegian flag, out of his pocket, whilst Nobile unloaded armfuls of Italian flags, some so large that they were caught in the propeller and endangered the lives of the whole party.

The end of Scott's expedition is well known. He made several grave errors, the most serious of which was his decision, at the last minute, to take Captain Oates to the Pole, thus making a party of five, with Wilson, Bowers and Evans, instead of four.

Scott also had bad luck with the weather, and the disheartening experience of finding, after his journey of a thousand miles, that Amundsen had forestalled him. But what really killed the party was lack of vitamins. Although on full rations they were always hungry, and in the light of modern knowledge it is clear that their food was almost completely lacking in vitamin content. The result was that they pulled badly, made fewer miles each day, and finally, when almost within sight of a depot and having accomplished nine-tenths of their journey, they died of starvation. They were found the next summer by Atkinson and Cherry-Garrard, having pitched their tent so well that it had withstood a particularly hard and long winter.

Amundsen complains that less than a year later the son of a Norwegian in London was being taught, at his English school, that Captain Scott discovered the South Pole.

NANCY MITFORD

THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS

Conditions of Peace. By E. H. CARR. *Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.

A neat précis. That would be the easy way, the lazy way, to review this book. Then in factories and offices and messes, where they meet, people could say, "Those ideas of E. H. Carr"—and discuss them without having been at the pains of reading them. The *New Statesman and Nation* will not let them off like that. The book is important, and must be studied by everyone who claims to think about war and peace.

It is not light literature, being written (though very well written) in the rebarbative dialects of politics and economics; close-packed at that. Many who laughed over "The Twenty Years' Crisis" will be saddened. In that work the author was in part defending Conservative British policy between the wars, against the advocates of international organisation; and the intrinsic difficulty of making a case for indolence, unawareness, cowardice, stupidity and bad faith drove him to the ancient device of abusing the plaintiff's attorney with a most amusing exercise in rhetoric. Now he is engaged upon constructive thought. The spectacle of Mr. Carr dancing about with a cat-o'-nine-tails is replaced by that of Mr. Carr digging for victory. It is less entertaining; it is more edifying. Not but what he keeps his whip by him and lashes out with it from time to time. Perhaps his most stinging crack is at the doctrine of the historically evil German race:

> The recourse to the Germans of Tacitus need not perhaps be taken seriously. This argument may suitably be left to Benito Mussolini (here he quotes an article by the Duce citing Tacitus and written in 1918) and to writers whose scholarship is of the same calibre.

The chapter on *Britain and Germany* is remarkable, ranking with Lord Cecil's article in the *Contemporary* of November, 1941, as the best estimate of this terrifying problem which has yet appeared. It is moderate, courageous, and in its views on the future, has a statesmanship which will confirm the wise in their faith, and enlighten many who have been bewildered by the fanatics.

The main conception of the book is that the war is part of a revolutionary process, and that the peace must express conditions of national and international life vastly different from those of the past. No progressives will be found to disagree with this, which has for long been the *terminus a quo* of their policy. But Mr. Carr has not got the progressives in mind when he explains the degree to which the State must accept responsibility for the conditions of its subjects, and the nations admit military and economic interdependence. For a large part of his book the revolution is the *terminus ad quem*; and at length and with gusto he demolishes the idols of the nineteenth century, *laissez-faire* economics, liberal democracy, and national self-determination. *Laissez-faire* is surely too dead a horse to need flogging, though the readers for whom this book is meant will be all the better for its exposition of distribution for need and of economic democracy. Liberal democracy, equated with Parliamentary government, is at a low ebb even in Britain, though the people are quite capable of creating new parties, free of the tyranny of the machines, if they want to. But Mr. Carr's vision

of a Führer Prime Minister with his mouth at a microphone and his eye on a Mass Observation report seems to me but a Fascist alternative; and the surrender of legislation and policy to the bureaucracy fairly brings out the cold sweat on my back. The impartiality of the bureaucrat is too like that of a goldfish in a bowl. The common citizen cannot talk rationally to an official enveloped in hierarchy. As for consultation with non-elected bodies, by permanent secretaries and town clerks—well, that is supposed to be happening now; and naturally the officials take care to consult only bodies upon whose complaisance they can reckon. It is only in the complete breakdown of the bureaucracy—as in the bombardment—that the people have the chance to throw up local leadership. Nothing, in short, is in greater need of revolutionary processes than the Civil Service. These ideas for developing war-time devices are interesting pointers, but they need much further consideration if a means is to be found to blow out the air-lock between the petrol of public opinion and the machine of government.

Mr. Carr leaves self-determination, in the sense of the uncontrolled liberty of the state, to a few Great Powers, and emphasises that the lesser states must merge their defence in that of their greater neighbours, and their economy in that of an equitable and reformed New Order. He seems to under-estimate the degree to which the independence of great states has gone the way of the small. And he hardly allows for the strength of nationalist emotion. Feudalism East of Germany only broke up in 1918, and nationalism is still a waxing and a master force from the Danube to the Pacific.

Having rubbed in the fact of world revolution, Mr. Carr proceeds to a revolutionary policy. In general this is a planned Europe, whose economy will be based upon consumers' needs, and its security (though he detests that word!) upon military co-operation between the Allies, weighted by Britain at one end and the Soviet Union at the other. In detail it includes a number of the proposals canvassed in such reports as those of the League of Nations Union and the trade control broadsheet of P.E.P., and it is this part of the book which must be most carefully read, for put together it is a fairly complete scheme for European government. It leaves out many considerations. Mr. Carr is almost exclusively European-minded, except, naturally, when dealing with raw materials produced in other continents. He dates the present war, for instance, from 1939, instead of from its real outbreak in 1931.

This volume is most remarkable for its philosophy and its direction. *The Twenty Years Crisis* contained a grudging admission that moral considerations affected the populace and might have some bearing upon world affairs, which however were determined, in fact, by military power. Moral purpose was knocking timidly at the door of Mr. Carr's consciousness. It has now advanced into the centre of the room. Its tall figure, dark still, and veiled, dominates the varied occupants of that populous mind.

> The war has provided, at any rate for the British people and the whole English speaking world, a moral purpose which has revived the national will, increased the sense of cohesion of mutual obligation, bred a salutary realisation of the gravity of the crisis and at the same time created the hope of the opportunity of a new ordering of human affairs. But it is essential to recognise in all humility that this purpose is the product of war, that it is directly inspired by the needs of war, and that it is animated by the potent forces of a common enmity and a common fear . . . All that can be said with certainty is that the war will not leave us where it found us . . . But there is no excuse for mistaking the character of the issue. The crisis cannot be explained—and much less solved—in constitutional, or even in economic terms. The fundamental issue is moral.

It is both rare and moving to find a man who has the honesty to pursue truth till his mind is changed, and the courage to proclaim it. This is indeed the Road to Damascus. The breaking of the light upon a brilliant intellect has before now had momentous consequences, and heaven knows the Gentiles need a missionary! Mr. Carr, of course, dodges back occasionally to give the pricks a hearty kick: as when he reverts to the nineteenth-century valuation of everything in terms of money, and says that democracy now contains a high proportion of

> propertyless non-tax-paying wage-earners whose relation to the State is primarily that of beneficiaries.

The work of men in peace, their lives in war—are these then to be accounted no service to the State? This sentence, however, is part of the general argument running through the book, which is that the standard of values in nations and between them must be those of obligation and responsibility, of duties, not of rights. Thus far morality drops her veil. Her face is not yet fully uncovered, because Mr. Carr has found his purpose in the stress of war, and is in consequence unable to face war as an evil and demoralising thing, of which the virtues it evokes are mere incidentals. The scandals of our age, he says, are inequality and unemployment—and later, by inference, he adds the hunger of whole nations in a plenteous world. To the people who fought and suffered in the last war and in this, the greatest scandal by far is war itself. Not because they fear death, but because they love life; not because they must be killed, but because they must hate and kill other men, their brothers. To dismiss peace as a by-product of constructive activity is no answer to the deepest agony which tortures the soul of man to-day.

The significance of the direction of this book is this. It is not written for the intelligent populace, though they will like it immensely. It gathers together many of the suggestions they make, some of the beliefs they hold, and explains them in the language of the ruling caste. That caste, which apparently cannot realise that the ideals of the people matter when they are put by the "Little Man", will listen to them when they are propounded by one of themselves. Mr. Carr rates highly the service of leadership; and by this work he assumes a service which is like that of the Tribune of the Plebs. To interpret the needs of humanity to their rulers is a task for courage, vision, and the greatness which lies in the resolution to speak truth as the seeker finds it. The breath of that greatness blows through this book; the breath, it may be, of prophecy.

FREDA WHITE

SIMENON

In Two Latitudes. By GEORGES SIMENON. Translated by STUART GILBERT. *Routledge.* 8*s.*

Hitherto Simenon has been made known to the English public only as the author of detective stories, but this newly translated volume shows his range widening, and I should like to place a word about this novelist, whom I have long admired and whom I suspect to be among the most gifted now alive.

M. Simenon was born in Belgium in 1903; he has Dutch and Breton blood. Before he was thirty, he had written, under a number of pseudonyms, some hundreds of *feuilletons*. I know little else about him, but I have been told that he has very high literary ambitions. Balzac began with seven or eight novels that were fashionable balderdash, but these had little success; indeed, no author who began by deliberately and successfully writing down to the public has ever, I fancy, evolved into an important artist. But to achieve this, I understand, is M. Simenon's aim. As industrious as Flaubert, he has been training himself not by ceaseless correction, but by indefatigable publication. During some years he wrote a novel every month, and in the process he has won a popularity in France rather like that of Edgar Wallace in England. Already one can distinguish three periods in his work (apart from all the early pseudonymous stuff). The first is represented by the Maigret detective stories, in which Simenon quickly revealed his most conspicuous gift, an extraordinary power of suffusing atmosphere. There is little in these of the ingenious deduction in which the best English and American detective writers excel—no timetables or complicated alibis. While the crimes may be extravagantly fantastic, the processes of detection are usually little more spectacular than those employed by the real police. The plots abound in loose ends, and Maigret is intuitive rather than logical. What rivets the attention is a smouldering suspense and the evocation of a *milieu*. Unlike the locked libraries of country houses or the sequestered islands preferred by Anglo-Saxon writers for their elaborate chess problems, the dingy suburban cafés and provincial hotels of the Maigret books exude the stale smell—what the French call the *relent*—of authenticity.

In Simenon's second period Maigret has disappeared, and the books, though they remain thrillers, have lost almost all pretence to be detective stories. *The Mystery of the "Polarlys"*, which is the first of the two novels now translated as *In Two Latitudes*, belongs to this period. There are two murders, and the culprit is revealed only at the end, but the interest of the book depends as much upon the setting—a ship nosing its way to the Arctic through blizzards and past little Norwegian ports—as upon the particular incidents. This is a readable but rather mechanical book, and far from Simenon at his best. The other novel in the volume, *Tropic Moon*, is remarkable. It is the story of what happens to a young man between his hopeful arrival at Libreville, in French Equatorial Africa, and his departure, three-quarters mad, a few months later. The characterisation is not subtle as it becomes in the author's more recent work, but the succinctness with which he makes his effects is astonishing. The heat, the insects, the fevers, the smells, the journeys up and down the great river, are as vividly presented as the rapid, inevitable and accepted degeneration of the white men in this hostile environment. Mr. Stuart Gilbert has made an excellent job of the translation. *Tropic Moon* is in no sense a great book, but it could have been written only by a man with great powers. It reveals Simenon already on the brink of his third period.

Now that Messrs. Routledge have established Simenon's reputation, I hope they will go straight to some translations of his latest and most surprising novels. In these he retains a taste for sinister environments and *louche* characters. *Les gens d'en face*, for instance, which has its setting in the little foreign colony at Batoum, gives an unforgettable impression of a country with an all-powerful secret police. *Le Testament Donadieu*, again, which is both the most ambitious and the best of the Simenon books I have read, shows the impact of a young adventurer upon a family of the La Rochelle *haute bourgeoisie*, and could be read as the symbolic presentation of a class succumbing. Other outstanding novels are *Le locataire*, *Chez Krull*, *Faubourg* and *Coup de vague*. Beyond any living novelist, he has the power of impressing a scene upon the reader with the force of an hallucination.

M. Simenon never makes a comment. He does not analyse his characters, which reveal themselves only in words and actions; he does not commit himself to any opinions. No novelist has ever been more objective. But the preoccupation with crime, which in the earlier books one accepts as merely a part of the detective-writer's profession, emerges in the more mature books as something profound and personal. M. Simenon, I fancy, belongs to that great family of French moralists, ranging from Pascal and La Rochefoucauld to Flaubert and Mauriac, who are obsessed with the baseness of the human heart and the misery of the human situation. His gusto for narrative and his sense of the picturesque save his books from being merely depressing, just as a native good sense preserves him from the hysteria of a Céline. Nevertheless, he has no gaiety. With equal penetration he describes the glum cynicism of

the prostitute and the hostile sourness of the spinster. The adventurer covets the roots of the shopkeeper, the man of regular habits thirsts to escape from them; reciprocal envy accompanies reciprocal contempt. Desire, whether indulged or repressed, is equally prejudicial to the character. The murderer, who in most English books is a sporting requisite, like a bull in Seville or a fox in Leicestershire—the murderer, for Simenon, is what you, *hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable, mon frère*, in an unguarded moment could suddenly become.

The methodical scurry in which so prolific a writer must compose lands Simenon, of course, into *clichés*, though wonderfully seldom into diffuseness. He always writes within his capacities, and the range of material that he can manage is immense. He seems to have travelled in most regions alike of the globe and of the heart, and his realism is nourished alike by the eye and the imagination. Though without Zola's grandiose sweep, he is a poet of the sordid. Much as I have enjoyed his books, he interests me rather by his potentialities than by his achievements. Hitherto, like the infant who strangled the snakes, he has merely kept himself alive and shown himself a prodigy.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

OCEANIC EMPIRE

The Ocean in English History. By J. A. WILLIAMSON. *Oxford University Press.* 10s.

Now that the Empire, in the form at least in which we have known it historically, is coming to an end, there is an extreme interest, partly nostalgic, partly inspiriting, in reading that wonderful story as told by a sympathetic historian. And what better guide could there be than J. A. Williamson, that retired schoolmaster whom the elect know to be one of the best historians writing in this country? He has a very fine body of historical work to his credit, on various aspects of British expansion beyond the seas, on maritime enterprise, the great Tudor navigators, our sea-history in general. He has his own special angle, his own particular qualifications: himself a sailor of craft, he knows the winds and currents, understands the conditions within which our forebears navigated the oceans, the limitations imposed upon them and their triumphs. He has, quite rightly for a historian—or for anybody else for that matter—a keen sense of pride in our past, four centuries full of achievement.

The story begins with the discovery of America, in which, Dr. Williamson makes it clear, the English part is much more important than is generally realised. Some years before the voyage of Columbus, the men of Bristol were sending out ships beyond Ireland to search for Atlantic islands. It was very right that the lead should come from Bristol: the link-up that made for Atlantic discovery from that port is most exciting. In the fifteenth century Bristol was the chief port for the trade with Iceland, and in Iceland the knowledge of the tenth-century Norse discoveries in North America, Greenland and Markland, had never died out. Then, too, Bristol's contacts with Portugal and Spain, her ships trading to Madeira and later to the Azores, linked up with Spanish and Portuguese voyages into the Atlantic, and stimulated the imagination of the Bristol merchants. John Cabot brought these early efforts to a point, when he came to the town with the new Renaissance ideas on world-geography and the possibilities of the Atlantic. It is even possible that he was a greater man than Columbus, "his equal in originality and determination, his superior in knowledge and judgment." Dr. Williamson says, "It is fairly clear that Cabot had developed his plans before the success of Columbus was known, and that he was an originator and not an imitator of Columbus." Unfortunately the records of him are extremely scanty, and he died on his second voyage across the Atlantic, whereas historical luck treated Columbus well.

But it seems probable that the English were the first to recognise that it was a new continent that had been discovered, and not, as Columbus insisted, the outlying coast of Asia. Later, it was the Bristol merchants at Seville who got to know the secrets of the Spanish Empire, its trade and navigation, and were the chief agents in making them known in England. With the reign of Elizabeth English seamen forced their way into the Spanish sphere: as Dr. Williamson says grandly in his summing up of the disaster to Hawkins and Drake at San Juan de Ulua—"but the English were in the Caribbean, and in one capacity or another they have been there ever since." In the next century, when after decades of triangular conflict with Dutch and English, the Portuguese Empire was *en pleine déchéance*, we were the successors to practically the whole inheritance.

So the story proceeds: a tale of marvellous energy, ability and endurance, of foresight and ambition, that is not without its romantic and even its pathetic sides, so different from the disgraceful decadence, the complacency and incompetence of the last two decades, which have gone far to lose us the inheritance of four centuries. Dr. Williamson permits himself no comment on this, except by implication when he says: "The British Empire, indeed, was not founded in a fit of absent-mindedness, by third-rate persons who could prosper at no other undertaking. Its planning occupied the best brains of thinkers and masters of action." (We know too well what kind of minds are responsible for its losses.) Dr. Williamson gives us exciting history in league-boots, as when he sums up the effects, and consequences of the English in India: the early import of cotton fabrics contributing to the comfort and health of the nation, the accumulated wealth of the nabobs, their influence in politics, their country houses, the part their capital played in financing the Industrial Revolution, which then reversed the process with a large export of cotton to India in the nineteenth century, the mechanisation of the Indian industry in the twentieth: "The whole sequence was set going when Thomas Aldworth settled in 1612 at the head of the English factory at Surat." It is somehow moving to think of the numbers of private Englishmen from the mid-seventeenth century onwards "making their living in all the ports of southern Asia. The great majority of them were obscure and unrecorded, but casual mention of them occurs continually in travellers' narratives."

There are chapters in this book on English enterprise in the Atlantic, on the Tudor Propagandists, the Hakluyts, Gilbert, Dr. Dee, Ralegh, on the opening of the Eastern seas, the development of trade in the Indian Ocean and the China sea, the discovery of the Pacific, in which our country had so large a part from Grenville and Drake to those wonderful years in the eighteenth century in which Cook solved all the major remaining mysteries of the Pacific. In his last chapter Dr. Williamson estimates the importance of the oceanic factor in the shaping of modern England. It has, of course, been decisive. It was trade and shipping which created the Empire, and it has rested throughout upon sea-power. Dr. Williamson ends his story with the security of the last century, won as the result of a twenty years' struggle with Revolutionary France, in which, as he says, "the stakes were higher than in any previous conflict." They are higher still to-day.

THE SOCIETY CAN PROVIDE THE ANSWER
WITH YOUR HELP

6226 CHILDREN NOW IN OUR CARE

1967 CHILDREN TAKEN FROM DANGER AREAS INTO 90 SPECIAL WAR NURSERIES

WAIFS & STRAYS
SOCIETY
JOEL ST., PINNER, MIDDX
Bankers: Barclays Ltd.

Your Will

The appointment of the Westminster Bank as Executor or Trustee ensures immunity from the expense and trouble which arise from the necessity of appointing new Trustees by reason of death or other cause.

By a simple codicil the Bank can be appointed in substitution for, or in addition to the Executors or Trustees already nominated in a Will.

A booklet giving conditions of appointment may be obtained at any branch or from

Westminster Bank
LIMITED
Head Office: 41 Lothbury, E.C.2

PEARL
ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1
SIR GEORGE TILLEY, F.C.I.I.
President and Chairman.

SEVENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1941.

TOTAL INCOME £20,585,003

TOTAL CLAIMS PAID £155,738,429
(including £9,567,002 during 1941)

FUNDS £117,248,840

BONUSES

In the ORDINARY BRANCH a bonus of £1 per £100 assured was declared on policies entitled to participate in full profits that become claims by death or maturity during 1942.

In the INDUSTRIAL BRANCH a bonus has been declared on policies, with certain exceptions, effected before 1st January, 1935, that become claims by death or maturity during 1942. Up to date a total sum of over £6,900,000 has been allocated for bonuses to policyholders in this Branch.

The bonus for 1940 in both Branches is continued unchanged for claims during 1942.

Dr. Williamson's special quality is a gift for communicating a sense of excitement with a plain statement of fact, of appealing in a way few historians do to the historical imagination. I know one or two members of the great public, with no particular knowledge of history, who have already found this book thrilling. So they all ought, for Dr. Williamson writes with the vigour and freshness and clarity that somehow go with those who love the sea. As for the historian, I can only say that this book gave me a day's pleasure coming up in the train from Cornwall to Oxford.

A. L. ROWSE

THE DUCHESS OF KENT

The Mother of Victoria. By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART. *Macmillan.* 15s.

Remembering Miss Stuart's excellent and revealing book, *The Daughters of George the Third*, the reader may expect similar enlightenment from this biography of the Duchess of Kent. But apart from a good deal of unimportant information about the Conroy family, there appear to be few new facts in this book. Though Miss Stuart has sought to compensate us with a lot of details about plays, furniture and clothes, presenting what she calls "A Period Piece," I regret that she has not employed her scholarship on some more fruitful subject.

But if the background is painted too exhaustingly in detail, the figure of the Duchess is handled with great acumen. During the ten years before her daughter's accession she behaved—notably to William IV and his Queen—with foolish and intolerable arrogance. Before and after this period she showed herself an agreeable and sensible woman. Miss Stuart convincingly suggests that the influence of Sir John Conroy was responsible for all her follies. Was she his mistress? Greville—and the talk of the town—affirmed that she was; Miss Stuart decides that the weight of the evidence is against this presumption. I believe that she is right; and she might have drawn a useful comparison from Queen Victoria's relations with Disraeli. Though shrewder and more firm than her mother, the Queen allowed herself to be beguiled and misled, but luckily Disraeli, unlike Conroy, knew where to stop.

Knowing as we do the immense strength of the Queen's character, we are surprised that her mother ever expected to dominate her. The Princess must have possessed a power of dissimulation that in adult life she never showed. She herself blamed "two people"—undoubtedly, as Miss Stuart says, Lehzen and Conroy—for estranging her from her mother. Lehzen probably did not go so far as to suggest that the Duchess was Conroy's mistress, and she can hardly be blamed if she pointed out the folly of the Duchess's behaviour.

The Duke of Kent was not only a mixture, as Mr. Fulford has said, of Micawber and Pecksniff, but a martinet of unsurpassed brutality. The virtues of the Queen did not come from the horrible House of Hanover, but from the curious Coburg strain that has produced such a bewildering variety of character, a Leopold II and a Prince Albert, an Edward VII and a George V. In some respects the Duchess indeed seems to have been superior to her daughter; she did not nurse grudges and she did not indulge in self-pity.

ROGER MARVELL

RUSSIA WITHOUT ILLUSIONS

Soviet Economy and the War. By MAURICE DOBB. *Routledge.* 3s.

Russia Resists. By PAT SLOAN. *Muller.* 2s. 6d.

Confused by the ciphers and zeros of economic reports, the reader has difficulty in conceiving the strength of the country to which they refer. This is particularly striking in the case of the Soviet Union, where the value of the rouble has varied considerably not only at different periods but also contemporaneously in foreign exchange and in purchasing power at home; to understand the significance of Soviet Budget appropriations the reader needs a guide who will assess them by familiar comparisons. Mr. Maurice Dobb's book contains an evaluation of the Soviet war potential, examined by comparison with Germany's, so that the millions of tons, kilowatts and roubles become comprehensible in the simple form of whether the Soviet Union can produce more or less coal, pig iron, steel and arms than Germany.

He gives these useful figures:

> German coal output reached in 1938 some 186 million tons against 133 million in the U.S.S.R.; pig iron, 18 million tons against 15 million; steel, 23 million against 18 million. If we add to the German figure that of countries occupied by or in alliance with Germany . . . we raise the level of German controlled output in each case to about double that of the U.S.S.R.

Mr. Dobb points out, however, that a deficiency in one ingredient of a properly balanced war economy may be fatal to its total structure. This is true both of Germany, which has less oil, copper and manganese than the U.S.S.R., and of the U.S.S.R., which through the destruction of the Volkhov aluminium works must import aluminium to supply its aircraft industry. To destroy the synthetic oil plant at Leuna would profit the Allies more than the destruction of Cologne. To send 5,000 tons of aluminium to the Soviet Union might be of more service than to send 50,000 men.

Soviet war potential is governed by the general organisation of the U.S.S.R.—its Central Plan, its budget, its trade unions and its Party. There is information of permanent value about these aspects of the Soviet system in Mr. Dobb's book which makes his hope that the "booklet will have fulfilled its ephemeral purpose" if it may "prove of use to those who have not the leisure for fuller study of source material," seem excessively modest. His factual description of Soviet resources and institutions at the beginning of the war and his statistical analysis of industry and agriculture are as desirable for an understanding of the Soviet Union's struggle as the daily war map.

Mr. Pat Sloan, author of *Russia without Illusions*, *Russia, Friend or Foe*, *Russia in Peace and War*, and now, *Russia Resists*, belongs to the propagandists, who claim infallibility for the tactics of the Soviet Union, as well as for its fundamental policy. Did anyone denounce Yagoda before his trial as a debauchee? That person was damned a counter-revolutionary. Did anyone before 1939 speak of a rapprochement between Germany and Russia? He was a Fascist mischief-maker. The mistakes which propagandists make live after them. In *Russia Resists*, Sloan writes of the happy German Soviet citizens of the Volga German Republic. They have since been deported by a wise measure of insurance to Siberia. As Sloan says, "History does not wait for the writers of it." It is a maxim which should teach him and the Hutts and Dutts caution in presenting contemporary events to men and women who will measure them not by the Party Line but by their own critical intelligence. *Russia Resists* is a *résumé* of the first seven weeks of the German-Soviet war, interlarded with quotations from the general press, anecdotes from Soviet War News and an excellent political commentary by Mr. Sloan.

MAURICE EDELMAN

VITAL BOOKS

WISE WEDLOCK. By Dr. G. Beale. 6/6
A necessary book for every adult. Dr. Norman Haire says: "I consider it to be one of the best, if not the best, of its kind available."

THE REALITIES OF MARRIAGE. By Dr. G. Beale. 6/6
Deals in comprehensive manner with the whole subject. A necessary book for the married and those contemplating marriage.

THE TECHNIQUE OF SEX. By Anthony Havil, B.A. 5/6
This new illustrated book by a young medical man specialising in Gynaecology may be described as the complete manual. No other work at a similar price is as all-embracing. Every aspect of the subject is dealt with.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AFFAIRS AND MARRIAGE. By Rennie MacAndrew 5/-
An explanation of men to women and women to men—to clarify ideas—to illustrate the difference of Friendship, Love and Marriage.

HIGH AND LOW BLOOD PRESSURE. By Jas. C. Thomson. 4/-
The how and why of low and high blood pressure and the simple naturopathic home treatment for this prevalent condition is fully explained in this new book.

MEMORY EFFICIENCY and How to Obtain It. By J. L. Orton. 4/-
The need of an efficient Memory is very real—the value immeasurable. This book tells How to Train your Memory—How to Memorise Languages, Speeches, Music, etc., etc.

THE CURE OF STAMMERING, STUTTERING and other Functional Speech Disorders. By J. Louis Orton. 8/6
The simple non-operative means which have cured thousands are clearly set out in this successful book.

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES. By H. Benjamin. 4/6
The Author cured himself of rapidly approaching blindness and has embodied his successful methods in his book for the benefit of all sufferers.
Mentioned by the "Brains Trust" in a recent broadcast.

HOW TO OBTAIN HEALTHY HAIR. By J. C. Thomson. 13/-
Giving details of Home treatment for Hair and Scalp disorders, including Baldness, Dandruff, Alopecia, Falling Hair, etc., etc.

Complete Catalogue FREE on request.
Prices include postage. Obtainable through your bookseller or direct from
THORSON'S, *Publishers*,
Dept. 189, 91 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2

Study at Home for a DEGREE!

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without "going into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three exams. Wherever you are, you can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by a staff of 50 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall courses have enabled hundreds of men and women to acquire Degrees and thereby raise their status and their salaries. PROSPECTUS from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH85,
WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

THE BALKANS FIGHT FOR FREEDOM
By
E. Jamieson
1/6 net
LAWRENCE & WISHART

If in doubt—
give
BOOK TOKENS
THIS EASTER

DAILY WORKER CONFERENCE
CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER,
Saturday, March 21st, 2.30 p.m.
T. L. HORABIN, M.P. (Chairman)
DAN CHATER, M.P.
"CASSANDRA" (*Daily Mirror*)
S. O. DAVIES, M.P. (M.F.G.B.)
R. J. TRAVESS (E.C., N.U.R.)
WILLIAM RUST (Former Editor, *Daily Worker*)

Royal Earlswood Institution
REDHILL — SURREY
Patron: H.M. THE KING
Approved and commended by leading experts for the remedial treatment of all grades of mental defects (not insanity) a real home is provided for those undeveloped persons of both sexes who need kind control under resident medical supervision. Good schools, farm, kitchen garden, and manual training in various occupations.
Admission by payment of inclusive fees from £110 per annum, or if unable to pay total cost, by the votes of Subscribers (a definite small number) with part-payment towards maintenance.
Subscriptions and Legacies earnestly desired
Full information from the Secretary, Mr. H. S. STEPHENS, at the Institution.

Week-end Competitions

No. 633

Set by V. S. Pritchett

We are promised a Spartan life this year. Imagine that the Government appeal to the public to give up love in order to increase the efficiency of the war effort. The music-hall singers would be asked to popularise the idea. The usual prizes are offered for two verses of a song to be entitled and containing the line "Doin' without love."

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, March 30.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 630

Set by Allan M. Laing

Sir William Jowitt's suggestion of a firing-squad for Black Marketeers is, in the realist field, a little too drastic; but there seems to be no reason why *New Statesman* competitors should not let themselves go in devising Gilbertian punishments to fit the crime. The usual prizes are offered for the best suggestions. Limits: prose, 200 words; verse, 24 lines.

Report by Allan M. Laing

There may be two opinions about the ingenuity of competitors in devising punishments for the Black Marketeer, but there can be no doubt about the sincerity of their hates, which are very various, and, on the whole, neatly and skilfully expressed. A hair of the dog that bit their victims is the commonest type of punishment for B.M.s. Lieut. Frank Adams, for instance, would like to see them, as prisoners, forced to watch their warders eating, drinking and smoking the luxuries they themselves used to indulge in. J. R. Sisson suggests an internment camp of B.M.s to be conducted on B.M. principles. V. H. Friedlaender recommends that "every breakfast bring an odorous egg And soap be laid where he may break his leg." Few competitors have found room in their hearts or their entries for that blessed modification of justice—mercy; and some of them are really blood-curdling. E. Aitken would give offenders "vitriol on the boil and copious draughts of castor oil." Patrick Thornhill (in an excellent entry) would send the B.M. to Timbuctoo:

> And there he's retailed by a chocolate maiden
> As offals and tripe and spam,
> As gammon and haunches, to fill out the paunches
> Of children (already) of Ham.

Among the gentler mercies proposed by Stanley French is the suggestion that we should "pound them with mortars and crush them with rocks"; and E. R. Wallace seems even to grudge the cost of the parachutes required to drop them naked over Germany. Branding on the forehead figures in several entries.

Only eight competitors essayed the Gilbertian metre as well as the Gilbertian humorous devilry. Of these I particularly liked E. W. Fordham's

> The butcher who traffics in ways unclean
> I should assuredly send
> To stand in a queue
> Where the smell of a stew
> Would be all he could get in the end.

Towanbucket also toils after Gilbert, but, for reasons he will appreciate, he cannot be quoted here.

Among the most original punishments suggested were those of R. Wilkins (a hell of black—black prison walls, clothes, warders, etc.—for the rest of their natural lives) and D.M.R.'s postcript to her penalties:

> All must be in strict solitude,
> Unmarked by jeer or finger rude.
> No headlines in the penny press
> Shall flaunt their sinful cleverness:
> They had no conscience, love nor piety:
> They must not now have notoriety.

If I am to leave room for the prize entries, I must, however reluctantly, cut short this catalogue. I recommend that the first prize go to Mosca, and the second to Hassall Pitman. Runners-up are, in the order named: Stanley J. Sharpless, V. H. Friedlaender, E. W. Fordham, Pibwob, Patrick Thornhill, D.M.R., R. S. Jaffray, L. V. Upward, Stanley French, H. W. Thompson and Nancy Gunter—all of whom were prevented with great difficulty from ousting the prizewinners.

FIRST PRIZE

"I'll devise thee brave punishments for him."
(Much Ado)

> That man of all insatiate paunch or purse
> Who sells black ware for gold, or buys for greed
> And mocks his country's need,
> Let him endure his country's curse;
> Let him know shipwreck, cold, and heat, and worse,
> Laid on a raft, all blistered by the sun,
> Watching his comrades perish one by one,
> Long for some kind of death, but time bring none.
>
> If he be glutton, set him in some sty,
> Walled with his bales of meat which now decay,
> And rot there day by day,
> Food only for the loathsome fly.
> If he do love, and hopes her heart to buy,
> Let her some poor and honest merchant wed.
> Let him be spurned, and all his vows unsaid,
> Nor ever know the pleasures of her bed
>
> Let him not know, nor let him knowledge find,
> When he may feel the canker of remorse,
> How he may stay his course.
> Let all men seem as deaf and blind
> To plaints and tears of him and all his kind,
> So that to none they can confession tell.
> But this is sure: wherever be their hell,
> Thrice deeper theirs that buy than theirs that sell.
> (Mosca)

SECOND PRIZE

WHAT TO DO WITH BLACK MARKETEERS

> They had sold their souls with the devil to dwell
> But Nicky felt cheated of worth
> So he purged the scum from his poisoned Hell
> And shovelled it back to Earth.
>
> And Earth for the sake of her cleanly health,
> Said, "Thus and thus shall it be,
> We will hand the whole of their slimy wealth
> To the R.S.P.C.C.!"
>
> In market places, immersed to the chin
> In hogsheads of lees and dregs
> They shall soak to the buff of their beefy skin
> And be pelted with wangled eggs.
>
> In illicit shoes tight-pinching and thin
> They shall hobble from Deal to Leith
> To cater sardines at a penny a tin
> And open them with their teeth.
>
> And they shall be dragged at the lorry tails
> To bump when the nights are cold,
> Tied up in a sackful of Army nails
> O'er roads that are rough and unrolled.
>
> And scantily fed on the rancid scraps
> Rejected by hungry hogs
> 'Tis thus and thus shall it be; perhaps
> We'll get rid of the dirty dogs.
> (HASSALL PITMAN)

'Waste not want not...'

Every crumb counts today—especially when it's HOVIS. For HOVIS is concentrated nourishment, building bone and sinew, nerve and muscle because of the added germ of wheat. That is the lesson taught by wartime requirements.

HOVIS

The VITAMIN Bread

Best Bakers Bake it. Macclesfield

London University
MATRICULATION
Inter. & Degree Exams.

U.C.C., founded 1887, has successfully prepared many thousands of students for the above. The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Highly qualified resident tutors. Low fees; instalments. Free re-preparation in the event of failure.
● PROSPECTUS post free from Registrar,
UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
70, Burlington House, Cambridge

"IMMUNISATION AGAINST DIPHTHERIA"

Everyone should know and understand this vital question, authoritatively dealt with by M. Beddow Bayly, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

A veritable mine of information. Of particular interest to Medical Officers of Health, Local Government Officials and all who have to make decisions regarding their children.

Sent for 6d., post free, from The Secretary, 25, Denison House, 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 2s. 3d. per line (average 6 words) per insertion. Box Numbers, 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday, but insertion not guaranteed.
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 3216.

A Lancashire War Medallist

WAR MEANS MORE PERILS FOR HIM TO FACE

The work of this vital service must go on.

In time of War it may be harder for you to give, but remember that the work of these heroic men is much harder and more dangerous. Send us whatever you can afford.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
Life-Boat House, Boreham Wood, Herts.
The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer.
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Sec.

PURELY PERSONAL

CURE FOR BRAIN FAG—a good book, a comfortable chair and a King Six Cigar, eightpennyworth of leisure pleasure.

PAIN ENDED QUICKLY

2½d Brings RELIEF

Why spend hours in pain when 2½d will end it? Get relief quickly with *Beechams Powders*. This amazing remedy is both QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results because of its special powder form. It also acts as a tonic and Pick-Me-Up. Makes you feel Better and Brighter, banishes Exhaustion, ends Colds & Chills! Get a supply at once.

Prices in Gt. Britain (incl. Purchase Tax).
Packets of 9 Powders 1/4
Single Powders 2½d. each.

CHEMIST'S PRAISE

"First Aid Rooms and Rest Rooms ought all to have these Powders as part of their equipment," writes Mr. A. E. (M.P.S.) a Qualified Chemist and First Aid Worker in one of our big factories. "*Beecham's Powders* are doing fine war work in this factory and must have contributed enormously to the increase in production."

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½ EACH